

THE
BEAUTIES
OF
SHAKESPEAR:

Regularly selected from each PLAY.

WITH A
GENERAL INDEX,
Digesting them under proper HEADS.

Illustrated with
EXPLANATORY NOTES, and Similar Passage
from Ancient and Modern AUTHORS.

By WILLIAM DODD, B. A.
Late of Clare-Hall, Cambridge.

*The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.*

See *Midsummer Night's Dream* p. 94.

V O L. II.

The SECOND EDITION, with ADDITIONS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. WALLER, opposite *Fetter-Lane, Fleet-street.*

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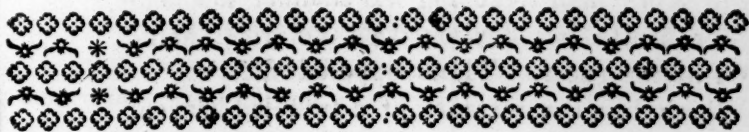


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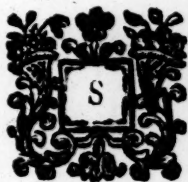


T H E
B E A U T I E S
O F
S H A K E S P E A R.

The First Part of HENRY IV.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Peace after Civil War.



O shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new
broils

To be commenc'd in stronds a-far re-
mote.

No more the thirsty entrance of this soil

(1) Shall damp her lips with her own childrens blood :

No

(1) *Shall damp.*] i. e. Wet, moisten: the old editions, and with them the *Oxford*, read *dawb*; there seems to be something greatly like *Shakespear* in that word, but I have kept *damp*, as it is generally approv'd. The word *files*, in the fourth line

2 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

No more shall trenching warchannel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those opposed files,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:
The edge of war like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

*King Henry's Character of Piercy, and of his Son
Prince Henry.*

Yea there thou mak'st me sad and mak'st me fin
In envy, that my lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,
Amongst a grove the very straitest plant,
Who is sweet fortune's mirror and her pride:
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young *Harry*.

SCENE III. *Prince Henry's Soliloquy.*

I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of their idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may more be wondred at,
By breaking thro' the foul and ugly mists

following, is in the old editions *eyes*, and thus altered by Mr. Warburton: others read *arms*. I don't know whether *eyes* might not be justified, but I think *files* preferable. See UPT. p. 334.

Of

Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
 But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised ;
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
 And, like bright mettle on a fullen ground,
 My reformation glitt'ring o'er my fault,
 Shall shew more goodly and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

SCENE IV. Hotspur's Description of a finical Courtier.

But I remember when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword ;
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd :
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
 Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home.
 He was perfumed like a millener ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
 (2) A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose : (and took't away again ;
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff). And still he smil'd and talk'd :
 And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,

(2) *Pouncet Box.*] A small box for musk, or other perfumes;
 then in fashion, the lid of which being cut with open work
 gave it its name: from *poinsoner*, to prick, pierce or engrave.
 So says Mr. Warburton, and then condemns the next lines as a
 stupid interpolation of the players: they are certainly not very
 easy to be defended, but we find many such conceits as these
 in *Shakespeare*.

4 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
(3) I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or should not ; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums and wounds ; (God save the mark !)
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacety, for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
'This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly : and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

(3) *I then, &c.*] When I first read this passage, I mark'd the lines, as I have printed them, and turning to the ingenious Mr. *Edwards's* canons of *Criticism* (p. 13.) I found he was of opinion, the lines should be so transposed: by this means the sense of the passage is quite clear, and we have no occasion for any alteration. “ Mr. *Warburton* in order to make a contradiction in the common reading, and so make way for his emendation, misrepresents *Hotspur* as at *this time* [when he gave this answer] not *cold*, but *hot*. It is true, that at the beginning of the speech he describes himself as

Dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, &c.—

Then comes in this gay gentleman, and holds him in an idle discourse, the heads of which *Hotspur* gives us; and it is plain by the context, it must have lasted a considerable while. Now the more he had heated himself in the action, the more when he came to stand still any time would the *cold* air affect his wounds, &c.”

D A N-

The First Part of Henry IV.

5

D A N G E R.

I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous :
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

H O N O U R.

(4) By heav'ns! methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks :
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Lady Piercy's pathetic Speech to her Husband.

(5) O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?

(4) *By heav'ns! &c.]* I will not take upon me to defend this passage from the charge laid against it of bombast and fustian, but will only observe, if we read it in that light, it is, perhaps, one of the finest rants to be found in any author. Mr. *Warburton* attempts to clear it from the charge, and observes, "tho' the expression be sublime and daring, yet the thought is the natural movement of an heroic mind. *Euripides*, at least, (as he adds) thought so, when he put the very same sentiment, in the same words, into the mouth of *Eteocles*."

Eyw yap, &c. —

I will not cloak my soul: methinks, with ease
I cou'd scale heaven, and reach the farthest star;
Or to the deepest intrails of the earth
Descending, pierce, so be I cou'd obtain
A kingdom at the price, and god-like rule.

(5) See *Portia's* speech to *Brutus* in *Julius Caesar*, Act II.
Scene III.

6 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
 Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
 And start so often, when thou sitt'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
 And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
 To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, courage! to the field! and thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies, and re'ires; of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, fortins, parapets;
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoner's ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the current of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see, when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these!
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Prodigies ridicul'd.

(6) I blame him not: at my nativity,
 The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,

Of

(6) *I blame, &c.*] *Glendower* was mightily superstitious, he adds afterwards,

———Give me leave
 To tell you once again, that at my birth
 The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
 The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
 Were

Of burning creffets ; know, that, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Hot. So it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

* * * * *

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions ; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples.

On miserable Rhymers.

(7) I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew !
Than one of these same meter-ballad-mongers :

Were strangely clam'rous in the frightened fields :
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.

(7) *I had, &c.] Horace*, in his art of poetry, speaking of
poetafters, says,

Ut mala, &c.

A mad dog's foam, th' infection of the plague,
And all the judgments of the angry gods
Are not avoided more by men of sense,
Than poetafters in their raging fits.—

And again ;

'Tis hard to say, whether for sacrilege,
Or incest, or some more unheard of crime,
The rhyming fiend is sent into these men :
But they are almost visibly possess'd,
And like a bated bear, when he breaks loose,
Without distinction, seize on all they meet :
Learn'd or unlearn'd, none scape within their reach ;
(Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood,)
Without remorse insatiably they read,
And never leave 'till they have read men dead.

ROSCOMMON.

8 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry-wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Punctuality in Bargain.

I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend ;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

A Husband sung to sleep by a fair Wife.

(8) She bids you
All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the God of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
(9) As is the difference betwixt day and night,

The

(8) *She bids, &c.*] There is something extremely tender and pleasing in these lines, as well as in the following, from *Philaster* ; which justly deserve to be compared with them :

————Who shall now tell you
How much I lov'd you ? who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send ? who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets, lose his health in service ?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise ?
Who now shall sing you crying elegies,
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn ? who shall take up his lute
And touch it, till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lid, making me dream and cry,
Oh my dear, dear *Philaster*.——

Act 3. latter end.

(9) *As is, &c.*] It is remarkable of *Milton*, that whenever he can have an opportunity, he takes particular notice of the evening

The First Part of Henry IV. 9

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

SCENE IV. *King Henry the 4th to his Son.*

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
But being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at!
(10) That men would tell their children, "This is he."
Others would say, "Where? which is *Bolinbroke*?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heav'n,

ing twilight, but I don't at present recollect any passage where
he describes this morning-twilight, which *Shakespear* so beau-
tifully hints at: nothing can exceed this lovely description in the
4th book of his *Paradise Lost*.—

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nest
Were sunk: all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleas'd; now glow'd the firmament
With living saphirs: *Hesperus*, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. V. 598.

'The reader will be agreeably entertained, by consulting the
passage in Dr. *Newton's* edition of *Milton*.

(10) *That he, &c.] At pulchrum est digito monstrarier, &
dicier hic est. Persius.*

Oh it is brave to be admired, to see
'The crowd with pointing fingers cry, "That's he."

DRYDEN.

And drest myself in much humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from mens hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
 My presence like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at : and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
 And won, by rareness such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt : (11) 'scarded his state :
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools :
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh with gybing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless, vain comparative :
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :
 That being daily swallow'd by mens eyes,
 They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loath the taste of sweetness : whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckow is in *June*,
 Heard, not regarded : seen, but with such eyes,
 As sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze ;
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect

(11) 'Scarded, &c.] i. e. discarded, threw off. This reading is Mr. Warburton's: the old one is *carded*: this elision is not unusual with the poets; frequently amongst the older ones we have 'sdein for disdain, &c.

The First Part of Henry IV. 11

As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

Prince Henry's modest Defence of himself.

—Heaven forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on *Piercy's* head:
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son.
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet;
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T' ingross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This, in the name of heav'n, I promise here:
The which, if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may save
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

ACT

The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.
ACT IV. SCENE II.

A gallant Warrior.

I saw young *Harry* with his beaver on, *
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot-spur's Impatience for the Battle.

———Let them come

They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* shall (not horse to horse)
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a coarse.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come!

ACT V. SCENE I.

Prince Henry's modest Challenge.

———Tell your nephew,

The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
In praise of *Harry Percy*: By my hopes
(This present enterprize set off his head)
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,

* *On*] Others read *up*; and there seems great probability in it.

To

To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have been a truant to chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*Prince Henry's pathetic Speech on the Death of
Hot-spur.*

—Brave Percy—Fare thee well,
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk.
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound :
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rights of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heav'n ;
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph.

Falstaff's Catechism.

(12) Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on:
But how, if honour prick me off, when I come on?
How

(12) *Well, &c.*] In the *King and no King* of Beaumont and Fletcher, we have a character, plainly drawn from *Shakespeare's Falstaff*; how short it is, and must necessarily be of the original, I need not observe. " I think, says Mr. Theobald, in his first note on that play, the character of *Bessus* must be allowed in general a fine copy from *Shakespeare's* inimitable *Falstaff*. He is
a cow-

14 * *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

How then? Can honour set to a leg? No; or an arm; No: or take away the grief of a wound? No: Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No: what is honour? a word. What is the word honour? air: a trim reckoning.—Who hath it? he that dy'd a *Wednesday*. Doth he feel it? No: doth he hear it? No? is it insensible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not live with the living? No: why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it; honour is a meer scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

SCENE V. *Life demands Action.*

(13) O Gentlemen, the time of life is short :

To

a coward, yet would fain set him for a hero: ostentatious without any grain of merit to support his vain-glory: a liar throughout, to exalt his assumed qualifications; and lewd, without any countenance from the ladies to give him an umbrage for it. As to his wit and humour, the precedence must certainly be adjudg'd to *Falstaff*, the great original." The authors, in the third act, have introduced him, talking on the same subject with *Falstaff* here; though not in the same excellent manner, (an account of which, see in Mr. *Upton's* observations on *Shakespeare*, p. 113.) *Bessus*. "They talk of fame, I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable penny-worth; some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be achiev'd with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it; my reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which nobody knows but *Mardonius*, and, I think, he conceals it to anger me, &c." The false and foolish notions of fame and honour are no where, that I know of, so well and justly censured, as in Mr. *Wollaston's religion of Nature delineated*, sect 5. p. 116. printed in 1726.

(13) O gentlemen, &c.] See *All's well that ends well*. Act 5. Scene 4, and the note. *Virgil* beautifully observes,

*Stat sua cuique dies, brevis & irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ; sed famam extendere factis
Hoc virtutis opus.*—————

Æn. 10.

To

The First Part of Henry IV.

15

To spend that shortness basely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.

To all that breathe is fixt th' appointed date,
Life is but short, and circumscrib'd by fate:
'Tis virtue's work by fame to stretch the span,
Whose scanty limit bounds the days of man.

PITT.



The



The second Part of HENRY IV.

Prologue to the second Part of Henry IV.

R U M O U R.

I From the orient to the drooping west,
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth;
 (1) Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,

The

(1) *Upon my, &c.*] In the stage direction, *rumour* is said to enter *painted full of tongues*. *Shakespeare*, in his description of *rumour*, had doubtless a view either to *Virgil's* celebrated description of *fame*, or *Ovid's* description of her cave in the 12th book of his *metamorphoses*: I shall give the reader part of both, and in as close a translation as possible, that he may judge the better.

Monstrum horrendum, &c.

A monster, hideous, vast; as many plumes
 As in her body stick, so many eyes
 For ever waking (wondrous to relate)
 There grew beneath; as many babbling tongues,
 And list'ning ears as many: by night she flies
 Noisy thro' shades obscure, 'twixt earth and heav'n:
 Nor are her eyes by pleasing slumber clos'd;
 Watchful and prying round, by day, she sits
 On some high palace-top, or lofty tow'r,
 And mighty towns alarms: nor less intent
 On spreading falshood, than reporting truth, &c.

See *Trapp. Virg. Æn. 4.*

Atria turba tenent, &c.

Hither in crowds the vulgar come and go; (*To the cave
 Millions of rumours here fly to and fro: of fame.*)
 Lies mixt with truth, reports that vary still,
 The itching ears of folks unguarded fill:

They

The which in every language I pronounce ;
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace while covert enmity,
 Under the smile of safety wounds the world ;
 And who but rumour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
 * Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other griefs,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
 And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
 And, of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,
 The still discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it.

ACT I. SCENE I.
 CONTENTION.

—Contention, like a horse
 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
 And bears down all before him.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Post-Messenger.

After him came spurring hard
 A gentleman almost forespent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse :
 He ask'd the way to *Chester* ; and of him
 I did demand the news from *Shrewsbury*.

They tell the tale ; the tale in telling grows,
 And each relater adds to what he knows ;
 Rash error, light credulity are here,
 And causeless transport and ill-grounded fear ;
 New-raisd sedition, secret whispers blown
 By nameless authors and of things unknown,
 Fame all that's done in heav'n, earth, ocean views,
 And o'er the world still hunts around for news.

See *Garth's Ovid*. b. 12

* *Year*, &c.] Others read *ear*.

He

He told me that rebellion had ill luck :
 And that young *Harry Percy's* spur was cold.
 With that he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his agile heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head ; and, starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

SCENE III. *Messenger with ill News.*

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title leaf,
 Foretels the nature of a tragic volume ;
 So looks the strond, whereon th' imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe be-gone,
 Drew *Priam's* curtain in the dead of night,
 And would have told him half his *Troy* was burn'd.

I see a strange confession in thine eye ;
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
 To speak a truth : if he be slain, say so ;
 The tongue offends not that reports his death :
 And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead,
 Not he, which says, the dead is not alive.

(2) Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue

(2) *Yet, &c.*] Mr. *Theobald* remarks " this observation is certainly true in nature, and has the sanction of no less authorities than those of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, who say almost the same thing with our author here.

Ὀμοι, &c.

Alas ! the bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but an evil and unwelcome office.
 The ingrateful task of bringing evil news
 Is ever odious————

Æschylus.

Sophocles.

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A. 4.

The Second Part of Henry IV. 19

Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

Greater Griefs destroy the less.

As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch,
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'st hour that time and spight dare bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland*!
(3) Let heav'n kiss earth! now let not nature's hand

(3) Let] *Longinus* in his 15th section speaking of noble and terrible images, commends *Æschylus* for his success in them: *Æschylus*, says he, has made bold attempts in noble and truly heroic images: as, in one of his tragedies, the seven commanders against *Thebes*, without betraying the least sign of pity or regret, bind themselves by oath not to survive *Eteocles*:

The seven, a warlike leader, each in chief,
Stood round, and o'er the black bronze shield they slew
A sullen bull: then plunging deep their hands
Into the foaming gore, with oath, invok'd
Mars and *Enyo*, and blood-thirsty terror."

Upon which the translator, judiciously quoting a fine image of this sort from *Milton*, afterwards observes, "how vehemently does the fury of *Northumberland* exert itself in *Shakespeare*, when he hears of the death of his son *Hotspur*. The rage and distraction of the surviving father shews how important the son was in his opinion. Nothing must be, now he is not: nature itself must fall with *Percy*. His grief renders him frantic: his anger desperate." And I think we may justly add, that no writer excells so much in these great and terrible images, as *Shakespeare*, the *Æschylus* of the *British* stage. See *Timon of Athens*, A. 4. S. 1.

Keep

Keep the wild flood confin'd ! Let order die,
 And let this world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a ling'ring act :
 But let one spirit of the first-born *Cain*
 Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 (4) And darkness be the burier of the dead !

SCENE VI. *The Fickleness of the Vulgar.*

* An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
 O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
 Did'st thou beat heav'n with blessing *Bolinbroke*,
 Before he was, what thou would'st have him be ?
 And now, being trim'd up in thine own desires,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

O n S L E E P.

— (5) O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That

(4) *And, &c.*] Εμὲ θανόντος γαῖα μυχθῆτω πύρι.
 With me, departing hence, all earth consum'd
 Perish in general conflagration.

And *Medea* tell us, she shall then only rest

When with herself all nature is involv'd
 In universal ruin.—

Sen. Med. Act.

* See *Coriolanus*, A. 1. S. 3.

(5) *O gentle, &c.*] *Horace*, in his 3d book and first ode
 tells us, *Sleep* disdains not to dwell with the poor ; take it in
 Mr. *Cowley's* paraphrase :

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in palaces :
 And yet so humble too as not to scorn
 The meanest country cottages :
 His poppey grows amongst the corn.

The

The Second Part of Henry IV. 21

That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull God, why ly'st thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case to a common alarum-bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,

The halcyon sleep will never build his nest,
 In any stormy breast;
 'Tis not enough that he does find
 Clouds and darkness in their mind,
 Darkness but half his work will do;
 'Tis not enough, he must find quiet too.

But whatever passages we may find like the former part of this speech, there is nothing I ever met with equal to the bold and sublime flight in the latter part of it: *Lee*, indeed, has taken a hint from it, the thought is so great and uncommon, it must be only *Shakespeare* that could have soar'd so high.

So sleeps the sea-boy on the cloudy mast,
 Safe as a drowsy *Tryton*, rock'd with storms,
 While tossing princes wake on beds of down.

Mithridates.

Sir *Thomas Hanmer* thus explains the line *A watch-case*, &c.
 "This alludes to the watchman set in garrison-towns, upon some eminence attending upon an alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These alarum-bells are mentioned in several other places of *Shakespeare*." The word *Pallet* at the beginning signifies a little low bed.

That,

That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Can'st thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?
 And, in the calmest, and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king?

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

The Character of King HENRY V. by his Father.

He is gracious if he be observ'd;
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day, for melting charity:
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint:
 As humourous as winter, and as fudden
 (6) As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd;
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
 But being moody, give him line and scope,
 'Till, that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working.

SCENE IX. On FORTUNE.

(7) Will fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?

She

(6) *As flaws.*] The meaning of the word in this place seems to be, the *small blades* of ice, which are stuck on the edges of the water in winter mornings, and which I have heard called by that name. *Edwards.* See canons of criticism, p. 71.

(7) *Will, &c.*] This observation is no less common than true: *Ovid* says,

*Nulli sincera Voluptas,
 Sollicitique aliquid latet intervenire.* Met. l. 7.

No mortal blessings ever come sincere,
 Pleasure may lead, but grief brings up the rear.

And

The Second Part of Henry IV. 23

She either gives a stomach and no food,
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach: such the rich
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

Dialogue between Prince Henry and his Father.

——Come hither to me, *Harry*,

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again,

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, *Harry*, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours,

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee,

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that, which after some few hours

Were thine without offence: and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast wetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my frail life,

What! can'st thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,

And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear

And in *Plautus* his *Amphitruon* there is a like remark,

'Satin parva, &c.

How short, how trifling are the joys of life

If with the evils that it brings compar'd?

This is the state of man, decreed by heav'n,

That all his pleasure shall be mix'd with pain,

And lasting woe succeed each short delight.

Anony.

That

And

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
 Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head ;
 Only compound me with forgotten dust,
 Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees :
 For now a time is come to mock at form.
Henry the fifth is crown'd : up vanity,
 Down royal state. All you sage counsellors hence,
 And to the *English* court assemble now
 From every region apes of idleness :
 Now neighbour confines, purge you of your scum ;
 Have you a ruffian that will swear ? drink ? dance ?
 Revel the night ? rob ? murder ? and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England shall give him office, honour, might :
 For the fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom ! sick with civil blows :
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. *Hen.* O pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
[Kneeling.]

(The moist impediments unto my speech)
 I had fore stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown,
 And he that wears the crown immortally
 Long guard it yours ; if I affect it more,
 Than as your honour and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.

The Second Part of Henry IV. 25

Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart ! if I do feign,
O let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to shew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were)
I speak unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold ;
Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious
Preserving life in medicine potable :
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it ;
Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. Henry. O my son !

Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways

I met this crown ; and I myself know well
 How troublesome it fate upon my head.
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation :
 For all the foil of the atchievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances,
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
 Thou seest with peril I have answered.
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument : and now my death
 Changes the mode ; for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort.
 So thou the garland wear'st successively :
 Yet tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
 By whose fell-working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd : which to avoid
 I cut them off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy land ;
 Left rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my *Harry*,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign wars ; that action, hence born out,
 May waste the memory of former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. *Henry*. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;

Then

The Second Part of Henry IV. 27

Then plain and right must my possession be ;
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

SCENE X. *Reflections on a Crown.*

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night : sleep with it now !
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
(8) As he, whose brow with homely biggen bound,
Snore out the watch of night. O majesty !
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

SCENE XI. *G O L D.*

(9) How quickly nature
Falls to revolt when gold becomes her object ?

For

(8) *As, &c.*] The word *biggen* signifies properly a cap or coif of linen, worn by children, and here any meaner kind of *night-cap*. The poets abound with complaints of the miseries of greatness: in one of the choruses of *Seneca's Hercules Octavius*, they sing,

O si pateant, &c.

Oh were the minds of great ones seen,
What cares tempestuous rage within,
And scourge their souls ; the *Brutian* sea
Toss'd by wild storms, more calm than they :

And again

Let others insolent and great,
Enjoy the treach'rous smiles of fate :
To courts, oh, never let me roam ;
Blest with content and peace at home.
May my small bark in safety sail,
Ne'er tempted by a prosp'rous gale,
Roving to leave the sight of shore :
And dang'rous distant deeps explore !

Ward.

(9) *How, &c.*] If the miseries of greatness be so universal a topic, we have one before us that is still more so: *Shakespeare* perhaps has excelled any writer on the subject in this place and
other

Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object?
For this, the foolish, over careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thought, their brains with
care.

Their bones with industry : for this engrossed
The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold :
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercifes:
When, like the bee, culling from every flow'r,
Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with
honey,

We bring it to the hive; and like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains,

A C T V. S C E N E III.

The Chief Justice to King Henry V. whom he had imprisoned.

— If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench :
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person.
Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your working in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a son ;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd :
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power so silencing your son.

other parts of his works, but more particularly in *Timon of Athens*, (which see A. 4. Sc. 3, &c.) It would be easy to quote numberless similar passages, but the universality of the topic and every reader's observation must render it tedious and unnecessary.

The



The Life of HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

(1) **O** For a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention !
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
Then should the warlike *Harry*, like himself,
Assume the port of *Mars* ; and at his heels,
(Leasht in, like hounds) should famine, sword and fire,
Crouch for employment.

ACT I. SCENE I. CONSIDERATION.

Consideration, like an angel came,
(2) And whipt th' offending Adam out of him ;
Leaving

(1) *O for, &c.*] *Milton*, who was a zealous admirer and studious imitator of our author, seems to have had the fine opening of this prologue in his eye, when he began the 4th book of his *Paradise Lost*.

O for that warning voice ! which he, who saw
Th' Apocalyps, heard cry in heav'n aloud,
Then, when the dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
Woe to th' inhabitants of earth. THEOBALD.

(2) *And whipt, &c.*] *Shakespear* enriched himself, and greatly improved his incomparable genius from the scriptures, that end-

Leaving his body as a paradise ;
T' envelope and contain celestial spirits.

King Henry V. His Perfections.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire the king were made a prelate.
(3) Hear him debate in common-wealth affairs,
You'd say, it hath been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still ;
And the mute wonder lurketh in mens ears,
To steal his sweet and honied sentences.

less source of true knowledge and sublimity: this, Mr. *Upton* has judiciously observed, who remarks on this passage, that according to the scripture-expression, the *old Adam*, or the *old Man*, *παλαιος ανθρωπος*, signifies *man* in his unregenerated or gentile state: and the *new man*, is *man* in his regenerated and christian state. See *Rom.* vi. 6. *Ephes.* iv. 22. *Coloss.* iii. 9."

(13) *Hear him, &c.*] I have purposely avoided any historical remarks, or characters of persons in this work, as it would swell it much beyond the intended compass: however the *English* reader will find no small satisfaction in comparing the historical plays of *Shakespeare* with the genuine history, and more particularly if he is happy enough to read that fine history of *England*, which doth honour to the nation, and is superior to all the encomiums I can give it, compiled by Mr. *Guthrie*, to whom our author likewise is particularly obliged by his judicious and incomparable *Essay on Tragedy*.

SCENE

It is
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ders
Rust
that
*

SCENE II. *The Common-wealth of Bees.*

(4) So work the honey-bees:

Creatures, that by a * ruling nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom,
They have a king and officers of sort:

(4) That *Shakespear*, in this place, really and designedly imitated *Virgil*, and took the chief hints from him, I cannot but believe; however it would be endless to quote from *Virgil* and other authors, the many passages similar to it: the subject of *Virgil's* 4th *Georgic*, and the agreeable manner in which he treats it, is known to almost every one that reads: I shall only quote a few lines from Dr. *Trapp's* translation, and refer those who desire to see more to the original. See verse 180.

Of all the mute creation, these alone
A public weal and common int'rest know,
Imbody'd; and subsist by certain laws.
Mindful of winter, they in summer toil;
And, for their country's good, preserve their store.
Some, by joint compact, range the fields for food,
Industrious; others in their tents at home
Narcissus clammy tears, and gum from trees,
Lay, as the first foundation of their combs;
Then into arches build the viscid wax:
Others draw forth their colonies adult,
The nation's hope: some work the purer sweets
And with the liquid nectar stretch their cells:
Some (such their post allotted) at the gates
Stand centry: and alternate watch, the rain
And clouds observing: or unlade their friends
Returning: or in troops beat off the drones
A lazy cattle: hot the work proceeds, &c.

———The aged fires
With curious architecture build their cells;
And guard their towns, and fortify their combs:
But late at night the youth fatigu'd return,
Their legs, with thyme full-laden, &c.

It is worth remarking how much *Shakespear* makes any thing his own, and how truly an original his judicious manner renders that which is really an imitation. *Vanier*, in his *Prædium Rusticum*, hath many pretty and new things on this subject, in that book, where he treats of *Bees*.

* Ruling, *Warb.* vulg. Rule in.

32 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home :
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad :
 Others, like soldiers armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds :
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor :
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing mason, building roofs of gold ;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate :
 The sad-ey'd justice with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy, yawning drone.

ACT II. SCENE II.

The Hostess's Account of Falstaff's Death.

He made a finer end, and went away an it had been
 any christom child, a' parted even just between twelve
 and one, even at the turning of the tide ; for after I
 saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers,
 and smile upon his fingers ends, I knew there was but
 one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen. How now,
 Sir *John*, quoth I ; what, man ! be of good cheer, so
 a cried out, God, God, God, three or four times ; so
 I, to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God :
 I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any
 such thoughts yet : so he bad me lay more cloaths on his
 feet—I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and
 they were as cold as a stone,

Warlike Spirit.

(5) Now all the youth of *England* are in arms,
 And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :

Now

(5) *Now*, &c.] See the beginning of *Richard* the third ; I
 know not a finer image in all *Shakespeare*, than that of *expectation*

Now strive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all christian kings,
With winged heels, as *English* Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers,

E N G L A N D.

* *O England!* model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural ?
But see, thy fault ; *France* hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treach'rous crowns.

SCENE II. *False Appearances.*

Oh ; how thou hast with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance ! shew men dutiful ?
Why so did'st thou : or seem they grave and learned ?
Why so did'st thou : come they of noble family ?
Why so did'st thou : seem they religious ?
Why so did'st thou : or are they spare in diet,

tation in the subsequent lines : *Milton* too has made a person of expectation in the 6th book, and ver. 306. of *Paradise Lost* ; but though truly sublime, he must submit very much to our daring and admirable poet.

Two broad suns, their shields,
Blaz'd opposite, while Expectation stood
In horror.

Mr. *Warburton* observes of the passage in the text, that—“ Expectation sitting in the air, designs the height of their ambition ; and the sword, hid from the hilt to the point with crowns and coronets, that all sentiments of danger were lost in the thoughts of glory.”

* See the last passage in king *John*.

Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
 (6) Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely boulded, did'st thou seem.
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot :
 To mark the full-fraught man, the best endu'd
 With some suspicion.

King Henry's Character by the Constable of France:

You are too much mistaken in this king :
 Question your grace, the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy :
 How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and, withal,
 How terrible in constant resolution :
 And you shall find his vanities fore-spent,
 Were but the outside of the *Roman Brutus*,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring and be most delicate.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Description of a Fleet setting sail.

(7) Suppose, that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier

Em-

(6) *Not, &c.,] i. e.* Not trusting to either, eye or ear only, but using both on every occasion, and trusting neither but in purged judgment, with well-weigh'd deliberation Mr. *Warburton's* emendation, which is adopted by Mr. *Theobald*, needs only be mentioned to shew it is not *Shakespeare's*,

Not working with the *ear*, but *with the eye*.

(7) *Suppose, &c.]* On this subject we might reasonably expect *Shakespeare* should stand unrivalled by the writers of every other country, as here his country justly boasts herself unrivalled.

Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young *Phæbus* fanning,
Play with your fancies ; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing ;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaded sail,
Borne with th' invifible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd fea,
Breasting the lofty furge !

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Description of Night in a Camp.

From camp to camp, thro' the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ftilly founds ;
That the fix'd centinels almost receive
The fecret whifpers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames
Each battle fees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boafeful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
The armourers accomplifhing the knights,
With busy hammers clofing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll :
And (the third hour of drowzie morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and ſecure in foul,
The confident and over-luſty *French*
Do the low-rated *Engliſh* play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp

valled. *Milton* in *Samſon Agoniſtes*, ſays beautifully enough of
Dalila, ſhe

Like a ſtately ſhip,
Proud of her gawdy trim, comes this way ſailing,
With all her brav'ry on, and tackle trim.
Sails fill'd and ſteamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play.

So

So tediously away : The poor condemned *English*;
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger : (8) and their gesture sad,

In-

(8) *And their gesture, &c.*] The present passage has perplexed the commentators, and seems not to have been at all understood by them : *Theobald* has left it as it stands, without troubling himself about it. *Warburton* and *Sir Thomas Hanmer* have both misunderstood, and both altered it differently. Their mistakes have arisen from imagining the participle *investing* was to be connected with *gesture sad* in the foregoing line, whereas it is put absolute, and to be construed *lank-lean* cheeks, and *war-worn* coats investing ; there is no difficulty in the word applied to *coats*, as the immediate sense of the word is *cloathing* : *Shakespeare* uses *investments* for cloaths in the foregoing play, A. 4. S. 2.

Whose white *investments* figure innocence.

The difficulty is in the word applied to lank-lean cheeks ; it must there be taken metaphorically : we know how vague our author is in his use of metaphors, and we know how often he uses one verb or participle to two nouns of a different sense, as here. But indeed the metaphor is not unusual, we say often—the face is *cloath'd* with smiles : thus to me this difficult passage appears in a very clear light, which I could have wished *Mr. Edwards*, who so well understands our author, had explained to us : he seems to look upon it as desperate. See *Can. of Criticism*, p. 72.

A very ingenious gentleman observed to me, upon my asking his opinion of the passage, that *investing*, by the common acceptation, signifies *besieging*, or rather *taking possession of all the avenues* to a place : and this arises from the civil and feudal customs of giving possession by a robe or vestment. He then observed, that *Shakespeare* uses the word in a simple sense : an investment with him being the *matching of cloaths* : and cloaths that are well matched or suited, are called a *sute* or *suit of cloaths*.

—————And their gesture sad

Investing (i. e. *suiting* or *matching* with) lank-lean cheeks, &c.

He seems to have fallen into the same mistake with the other commentators in regard to the construction. All I would observe from his judicious remark is, that *investing*, in the *metaphorical* sense, if it satisfies not the reader in the *simple* one, will

(Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,)

* Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With chearful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That ev'ry wretch pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largesse universal, like the sun,
His lib'ral eyes doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear.

Enter three Soldiers, Bates, Court, and Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the morning,
which breaks yonder?

explain the passage very well: lank lean cheeks and war-worn coats *taking possession of them*, &c. but I think the first sense the true one.

I cannot but approve Sir *Thomas Hanmer's* criticism of *presented* into *presenteth*, which I have admitted into the text, as the reader may plainly see, the *chorus* speaks of the time present: they *fit*, they *ruminate*, and so on. To make the line more clear, I have printed it in a parenthesis, and, I hope, shall be excused for my endeavour to explain so difficult a passage, as I would have every line, in our author, if possible, set right and by all means prefer the old and general readings to any wanton conjectures of misapprehending criticism.

* *Presenteth*. Ox. ed. vulg. *presented*.

Bates.

Bates. I think it be : but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we never shall see the end of it. Who goes there ?

K. Henry. A Friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you ?

K. Henry. Under Sir *John Erpingham.*

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman : I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?

K. Henry. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king !

K. Henry. No ; nor is it meet he should : for tho' I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am : The violet smells to him, as it does to me ; the element shews to him, as it doth to me ; all his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man ; and tho' his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing : therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are ; yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear ; lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will ; but I believe as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the *Thames* up to the neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king : I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and many poor mens lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill to wish him here alone ; howsoever, you speak this to feel other mens minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented

tented as in the king's company : his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects : if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs, and arms, and heads chop'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at such a place*, some swearing, some crying for a surgeon ; some upon their wives left poor behind them ; some upon the debts they owe ; some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle ; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument ? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king, that led them to it, whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a son, that by his father sent about merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule should be imposed upon his father that sent him : or if a servant under his master's command, transporting a sum of money be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servants damnation ; but this is not so : the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant, for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the Arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers : some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder ; some, of beguiling virgins with
the

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the

the broken seals of perjury ; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if these men have defeated the law, and out-run native punishment; though they can out strip men, they have no wings to fly from God War is his beadle, war is his vengeance : so that here men are punish'd, for before breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel, where they feared the death, they have born life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars, do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience : and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained ; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

SCENE V. *The Miseries of Royalty.*

(9) O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy ? And what have kings,
That private have not too,—save ceremony ?—
Save gen'ral ceremony ?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

(9) O, &c.] See A. 4. S. 10, of the foregoing play.

Of

Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?
 O ceremony, shew me but thy worth:
 (10) What is the soul of adoration?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give the cure.
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;

(10) *What, &c.*] What is thy soul of adoration—is the common reading: there wants but the alteration of *thy* into *the*, as in the text, and all is well: the meaning is, as well explained by Mr. Upton,—*what is the soul*, i. e. the real worth, what substantial good is there in adoration or ceremony? what are the rents? what are the comings in, Oh ceremony! shew me but thy worth, tell me what is the *soul*, the very utmost value of adoration? — “*Shakespeare* uses the word *soul* in this sense very often;—in this play, he says,

There is *some soul* of goodness in things evil;

i. e. some real or substantial good.

In his *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

But you must *join in souls* to mock me to;

i. e. unite together heartily, and in earnest.

And in *Measure for Measure*;

—We have with *special soul*
 Elected him, &c.

i. e. particularly and specially *speciamente*. The alterations foisted into the texts in the several places, are too ridiculous to need mentioning. Upton's Observations, p. 406.

I am

I am a king, that find thee, and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farfed titled running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shoar of this world?
 No, not all these thrice gorgeous ceremonies,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell:
 * But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,

Sweats

* *But, like, &c.*] The poet in this most beautiful passage is comparing the *laborious slave* to the *lacquey* or footman of *Phæbus*: 'He never beholds night, says the poet, but like a *lacquey* obliged ever to attend and follow his master, sweats from rise to set, in the eye of *Phæbus*, his master, sleeps all night, where *he* (*Phæbus*) sleeps, in Elysium, and the next day, after dawn, rises to his business, and helps his master, *Hyperion*, to his horse; in whose sight he again sweats from rise to set as before, and thus follows the ever-running year, &c.' Nothing can be more exquisite, and more nobly bespeak the hand of *Shakespeare*. Mr. *Seward's* alteration is quite unnecessary; for this manner of expression is intirely agreeable to our author. That gentleman, in his preface, brings the following passage from *Philaster*, A. 4. as worthy to be placed in competition with that of *Shakespeare*, and where the hands, he says, are scarcely to be distinguished, except from one single expression of *Shakespeare*. 'A prince, depriv'd of his throne, and betray'd as he thought in love, thus mourns his melancholy state. See *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* works, Vol. I. preface, p. 24.

Oh that I had been nourish'd in these woods,
 With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
 The right of crowns, or the dissembling train
 Of woman's looks; but dig'd myself a cave,
 Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
 Might have been shut together in one shed:
 And then had taken me some mountain girl,

Beaten

Sweats in the eye of Phœbus ; and all night
Sleeps in elysium : next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his Horse :
And follows so the ever running year
With profitable labour to his grave :
And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

SCENE VII. *A Description of the miserable State
of the English Army.*

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill favour'dly become the morning field :
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hands : and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips :
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes ;
And in their pale dull mouths the (11) jymold bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all impatient for their hour.

SCENE X. *King Henry's Speech before the Battle at
Agincourt.*

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd :

Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwells : that might have strew'd my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue !

(11) *Jymold*] *Jymold*, or rather *gimmald*, which signifies a
ring of two rounds, *Gemellus*, *Skyunner*, Mr. Pope.

And

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And rouse him at the name of Crispian :
 He that out-lives this day, and sees old-age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbour,
 And say, to-morrow is Saint Crispian ;
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars ;
 Old men forget ; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouth as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury, and Glo'ster,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembred.

SCENE XII. *Description of the Earl of York's Death.*

* He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand
 And, with a feeble gripe, says, dear my lord,

Commend

* *He smil'd, &c.*] This tender and pathetic description of the earl of York's death always reminds me of *Virgil's* celebrated episode on the *friendship* of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, who fell undivided in death, and lovely as they had lived—*Euryalus* was wounded when his friend rush'd to his assistance, and begg'd his life: the poet tells us ;

† In vain he spoke, for ah, the sword addrest
 With ruthless rage, had pierc'd his lovely breast,
 With blood his snowy limbs are purpled o'er,
 And pale in death he welts in his gore,
 As a gay flower with blooming beauties crown'd,
 Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground :
 Or some tall poppy, that o'er-charg'd with rain
 Bends the faint head and sinks upon the plain :
 So fair, so languishingly sweet he lies,
 His head declin'd, and drooping, as he dies.

Now 'midst the foe, distracted *Nisus* flew :
Volsens, and him alone, he keeps in view :
 The gathering train, the furious youth surround,
 Darts follow darts ; and wound succeeds to wound :

† *Nisus.*

All,

Commend my service to my sovereign ;
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ;
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd ;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

ACT V. SCENE III.

The Miseries of War.

(13) Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 Unpruned lies ; her hedges even pleach'd,
 Like prisoners, wildly over-grown with hair,

All, all unfelt: he seeks their guilty lord,
 In fiery circles, flies his thundering sword :
 Nor ceas'd, but found at length the destin'd way,
 And buried in his mouth the faulchion lay.
 Thus cover'd o'er with wounds on every side,
 Brave *Nisus* slew the murderer as he died ;
 Then on the dear *Euryalus* his breast,
 Sunk down and slumber'd in eternal rest.

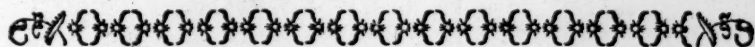
See *Pitt*, *Æn.* 9.

(13) *Her, &c.*] This is from the psalms, *Wine that maketh glad the heart of man*, ps. 104. 15. The word *lies* in the text is an emendation of Mr. Warburton's: the old reading is *dies*: in confirmation of it, it may be observed, the author speaks all through of the *husbandry corrupting its own fertility*, as he says; the vine unpruned, grows wild and unfruitful; the hedges unpleached, putting forth disorder'd twigs; the fallow leas are over-run with weeds, darnel, &c. and so every thing, vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges, defective in their natures, grow to wildness: defective in *their own particular natures*. "*Sua deficiuntur natura*; (says Mr. Upton, in the preface to his *Observations*, &c p. 41.) they were not defective in their *creffive* nature, for they grew to wildness: but were defective in their proper and favorable natures, which was to bring forth food for man."

Put

Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas
The darnel, hemloc, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon ; while that the culture rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery :
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover.
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility :
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.





* *The first Part of Henry VI.*

ACT I. SCENE VI. *GLORY.*

(1) **G**LORY is like a circle in the water ;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

ACT V. SCENE VIII. *MARRIAGE*

For marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

* * * * *

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blis,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

* It is not the business or intention of this work to enter into a consideration of the genuineness of some of those compositions, which are generally received as *Shakespeare's*, tho' disputed, and I think, we may add justly, by the critics. Among the rest none appear less worthy of our inimitable author, than the three following; some fine strokes in them sufficiently assure us *Shakespeare* lent a hand; that he composed the whole, I can by no means persuade myself; however, I leave it to the discussion of others, and only beg leave to observe, there are, beside the few passages I have selected, many single lines, which I could not well produce as beauties separately considered, that merit observation.

(1) *Glory, &c.*] *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Bloody Brother*, use this fine simile, tho' on another subject with equal beauty.

The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,
Is like a small stone thrown into a river,
The breach scarce heard, but view the beaten current,
And you shall see a thousand angry rings,
Rise in his face, still swelling, and still growing;
So jars distrusts encircle, distrusts dangers,
And dangers death, the greatest extreme follows,
Till nothing bound them but the shoar, their graves.

Act 2. Sc. 1.

The



The Second Part of Henry VI.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

A resolv'd ambitious Woman.

(1) **F**OLLOW I must, I cannot go before,
 While *Glo'ster* bears this base and humble mind.
 Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 I wou'd remove these tedious stumbling-blocks;
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
 And being a woman I will not be slack
 To play my part in fortune's pageant.

ACT II. SCENE II.

The Lord ever to be remembered.

Let never day or night unhallow'd pass,
 But still remember what the Lord hath done.

SCENE VII. *Eleanor to the Duke of Glo'ster,
 when doing Penance.*

For whilst I think I am thy married wife;
 And thou a prince, protector of this land;
 Methinks, I should not thus be led along,

(1) *Follow, &c.*] There is something very like the character of lady *Macbeth*, in this ambitious wife of the duke of *Glo'ster*.

Mail'd

(2) Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the cruel people laugh:
And bid me be advised how I tread.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Silent Resentment deepest.

* Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.

SCENE IV. *A guilty Countenance.*

Upon the eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

Description of a murder'd Person.

See how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale and blood-less;
(3) Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,

(2) Mail'd.] Cover'd in a sheet as a man is in a coat of mail.

* Smooth.] Swallowing waters
Run deep and silent, till they're satisfied,
And smile in thousand curls to gild their craft.

The bloody Brother, Act 2. Sc. 1.

(3) Being, &c.] There is some little irregularity in grammar here; I have put a hyphen at blood-less, to make it the plainer; being all, i. e. all the blood being descended, &c. I cannot quite be reconciled to who in the next line; it may indeed be allowed but I should rather transpose that, and read

That in the conflict which it holds with death,

Tho' perhaps, which soon after following, may be an objection. And we may observe, he uses who almost in the same manner In the second page of this volume:

He gave his nose——
Who therewith angry——

VOL. II.

D

Who,

Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 But see his face is black, and full of blood ;
 His eye-balls farther out, than when he liv'd ;
 Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man ;
 His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling ;
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
 And tugg'd for life ; and was by strength subdu'd.
 Look on the sheets ; his hair, you see, is sticking ;
 His well-proportion'd beard, made rough and rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd :
 It cannot be, but he was murder'd here ;
 The least of all these signs were probable.

SCENE VII. *A good Conscience.*

(4) What stronger breast-plate than a heart un-
 tainted ?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just ;

And

(4) *What, &c.*] A little before it is said,

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

This sentiment is plainly shadow'd from two celebrated odes
 of *Horace* ; the 22d of the first book, and the 3d of the 3d
 book. The first begins, *Integer vitæ, &c.*

From virtue's laws who never parts,
 Without the *Moorish* lance or bow,
 Or quiver stor'd with poison'd darts,
 Secure, thro' savage realms may go, &c.

The other, *Iustum ac tenacem propositi virum, &c.*

That upright man, who's steady to his trust,
 Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
 The fury of the populace defies,
 And darts the tyrant's threat'ning frowns despise, &c.

I only just refer the reader to them, as they are so gene-
 rally known: *Horace* too in his epistles has a fine sentiment to
 this purpose :

—*Hic*

The Second Part of Henry VI.

51

And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SCENE VIII. *Remorseless Hatred.*

A plague upon 'em! wherefore should I curse them:
Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
(5) As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract:
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban,
And even now, my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress-trees!
Their sweetest prospect, murd'ring basilisks!

—*Hic murus abeneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.*

Be this thy guard, and this thy strong defence
A virtuous heart, and spotless innocence:
Not to be conscious of a shameful sin,
Nor to look pale for scarlet crimes within. *Creech.*

(5) *As, &c.*] This is as fine a picture of *envy* as could possibly be given in so narrow a compass: *Spencer* hath described her twice in his *Faerie Queene*, and in both places given us a most lothsome picture, which *Longinus* would surely have greatly discommended, when we find him so severe on an author for one line representing a nauseous image. See his *Essay* on the *Sublime*, sect 9. See *Spencer's Faerie Queene*, B. 15. l. 4. st. 30. and B. 5. l. 12. st. 29. It may be worth while to remark, how exactly *Shakespeare* suits his language to his characters: how different are these curses from the mouth of *Suffolk*, to those, from the mouth of *Caliban*, in the *Tempest*.

52 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's stings !
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss !
 And boading screech-owls make the concert full !
 All the foul terrors of dark-seated hell——

* * * * *

Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain-top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

Parting Lovers.

And banished I am, if but from thee :
 Go, speak not to me : ev'n now be gone——
 Oh ! go not yet——ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
 Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loather a hundred times to part than die :——
 Yet, now farewell, and farewell life with thee !

Suff. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times banished,
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
 (6) 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;
 A wilderness is populous enough,
 So *Suffolk* had thy heavenly company,
 For where thou art, there is the world itself :
 With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world :
 And where thou art not, desolation.

(6) *'Tis not, &c.*] This passage, as Mr. *Whally* has observed
 in his enquiry into the learning of *Shakespeare*, is the antient
 language of love, and employed by *Tibullus* to his own mistress.

*Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis,
 Qua nulla humano fit via trita pede :
 Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
 Lumen & in Solis tu mihi turba locis.* L. 4. e. 12.

A wilderness, unknown to man, with thee
 Were blest, and populous enough for me ;
 For where thou art each sorrow flies away,
 Desarts are worlds, and night outshines the day.

I have often lamented we have not so good a translation of
 his delicate poet and polite lover, as his excellence deserves.

SCENE

SCENE IX. *Dying, with the Person belov'd, preferable to parting.*

If I depart from thee, I cannot live ;
And in thy fight to die, what wert it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between his lips.

SCENE X. *The Death-bed Horrors of a guilty Conscience.*

(7) Bring me unto my tryal, when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed ? Where should he die ?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no ?
Oh, torture me no more, I will confess—
Alive again ? Then shew me where he is :
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them :
Comb down his hair ; look ! look ! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul :
Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

ACT IV. SCENE I.
N I G H T.

(8) The gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea : And

(7) *Bring, &c.*] Nothing can more admirably picture to us the horror of a guilty conscience, than this frantic raving of the cardinal :

When death's approach is seen so terrible—
Ah, what a sign it is of evil life !

Thus hath guilt, even in this world, its due reward, and iniquity is not suffered to go unpunished : the well-weighing such frightful scenes might, perhaps, be of no small service to such as despise lectures from the pulpit, and laugh at the interested representations of divines.

(8) *The, &c.*] See the last passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Spencer, speaking of night, says ;

54 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

* And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades,
That dragic melancholy night ;
Who with their drowfy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead mens graves ; and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darknefs in the air.

SCENE VI. *K E N T.*

(9) *Kent*, in the commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
Is term'd the civil't place of all this isle ;
Sweet is the country, becaufe full of riches ;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

And all the while ſhe ſtood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never ceafe to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted ſound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark grieſly look, them much diſmay.
The meſſenger of death, the ghafly owl,
With dreary ſhrieks, did alſo her bewray :
And hungry wolves continually did howl,
At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo foul.

See *Faerie Queene*, B. i. c. 5. ft. 30.

* No numbers can better expreſs the *thing* than theſe, *Shakeſpear* ſhews us, that he can as well excel in that, as in every other branch of poetry. None of the ſo celebrated lines of *Homer* and *Virgil*, of this ſort, deſerve more commendation: here the line, as it ought, juſtly *labours*, and the *verſe moves ſlow*. However, I intend not to enter into any criticism on *Shakeſpear's* verſification, wherein could we prove him ſuperior to all other writers, we muſt ſtill acknowledge it the leaſt and moſt trifling matter, wherein he is ſuperior. It is worth obſerving, that what *Shakeſpear* ſays of the *clipping dead mens graves*, might not impoſſibly be taken from *Theocritus*, who, ſpeaking of *Hecate*, the infernal and nocturnal deity, in his 2d *Idyllium*, ſays—

Τῶν ὕδων Ἐκατά, &c.

Infernal *Hecate*, howling dogs abhor,
When 'midſt the dead mens graves, and putrid gore,
She ſtalks——

(9) *Kent*, &c.] *York*, in the next play, A. i. ſ. 4. ſpeaking of the *Kentifhmen*, ſays

In them I truſt ; for they are foldiers,
Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit.

Lord

Lord Say's Apology for himself.

Justice, with favour, have I always done ;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never :
(10) When have I aught exacted at your hands ?
Kent, to maintain, the king, the realm and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks ;
Because my book preferr'd me to the king :
And seeing, ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
Unless you be possess'd with dev'lish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

(10) *When, &c.*] The interrogation in all the editions is placed at the end of this line: the passage, in my opinion, should be pointed thus :

When have I ought exacted at your hands,
Kent, to maintain, the king, the realm, and you ?

This renders the passage plain and easy: that he should have bestowed gifts on learned clerks to maintain *Kent*, the king, &c. is something very unreasonable; that he should have bestowed gifts on them because his book preferred him to the king, is not only reasonable, but extremely probable.





The Third Part of HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

The Transports of a Crown.

(1)—**D**O but think
 How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
 Within whose circuit is Elysium,
 And all that poets feign of blis and joy.

SCENE

(1) *Do but, &c.*] In the second part of *Henry IV.* (p. 21.) we have some fine reflections on the miseries that attend a crown : these, on the transports it bestows, are beautifully in character, and come very aptly from the mouth of the ambitious *Gloucester*. In the *Double Marriage of Beaumont and Fletcher*, *Ferrand* the tyrant, complaining of the miseries that attend royalty, a courtier longing to enjoy the honour, is put into possession of them for one day, and finds them sufficiently burdensome. See the third act. Some of the tyrant's complaints, and the courtiers praises of royalty, are the following :

Ferr. Tell me no more,
 I faint beneath the burden of my cares,
 And yield myself most wretched.

Vill. Look but on this,
 Has not a man that has but means to keep
 A hawk, a grey-hound, and a hunting nag,
 More pleasure than this king?

Castr. A dull fool still :
 Make me a king, and let me scratch with care,
 And see who'll have the better : give me rule,
 Command, obedience, pleasure of a king,
 And let the devil roar ; the greatest corrosive
 A king can have, is of mere precious tickling,
 And handled to the height more dear delight,
 Than other mens whole lives, let them be safe too.

Thou

SCENE V. *A hungry Lion.*

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

SCENE VI. *The Duke of York on the gallant Behaviour of his Sons.*

My sons, God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, courage, father! fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those, that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire;
Richard cry'd charge! and give no foot of ground;

Thou enemy to majesty,
What think'st thou of a king?

Vill. As of a man,
That hath power to do all ill.

Castr. Or a thing rather
That does divide an empire with the Gods;
Observe but with how little breath he shakes
A populous city, which would stand unmov'd
Against a whirlwind!
For me, I do profess it
Were I offer'd to be any thing on earth,
I would be mighty *Ferrand*.—

Ferr. Did'st thou but feel
The weighty sorrows that sit on a crown,
Tho' thou should'st find one in the streets, *Castruccio*,
Thou would'st not think it worth the taking up:
But since thou art enamour'd of my fortune,
Thou shalt ere long taste it.

Castr. But one day,
And then let me expire.

And cry'd a crown, or else a glorious tomb,
 A scepter, or an earthly sepulchre.
 With this we charg'd again; but out! alas,
 We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

*A Father's Passion on the Murder of a favourite
 Child.*

Oh tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
 How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

* * * * *
 That face of his the hungry cannibals
 (2) Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
 with blood :

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 Oh ten times more, than tygers of *Hyrkania*.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :
 This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :

(2) *Would not, &c.*] The first folios and the old quarto read
 this passage as it is here printed; the second folio reads,

———Wou'd not have touch'd,
 Wou'd not have stain'd the roses just with blood.

Which Mr. *Theobald*, for the sake of an alteration of his own,
 prefers to this, for which we have so good authority. He reads,

Wou'd not have stain'd the roses *juic'd with blood*;

Sir *T. Hanmer*, not pleased with this criticism, tries another
 cast, and gives us

The roses just in bud.

And

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say, "alas, it was a piteous deed!"

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Duke of York in Battle.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
* As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.

The MORNING.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!

(3) How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a youngster prancing to his love!

* *As, &c.*] The poets abound with numberless similes of this kind; particularly *Homer* and *Virgil*: but none perhaps is finer than the following from that book, where every page abounds with beauties, and true sublimity. *Isaiah xxxi. 4.* "Like as the lion, and the young lion roaring on his prey; when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them."

(3) *How, &c.*] There is something very peculiar in this passage, "The prime of youth and like a *youngster*, seeming nearly the same thing; but it is extremely beautiful, the author *personifies* the prime of youth, and describes him as an allegorical person, trimm'd like a *youngster*, which with us signifies a brisk, *lively* young man; but more properly perhaps from its original, a *nobleman*, or young lord. See *Skinner*. The plain manner of understanding it is difficult, and the construction very involv'd; however it seems no more than this, "how well resembles it, a *youngster* trimm'd out in the prime of youth, prancing to his love."

SCENE

SCENE VI. *The Morning's Dawn.*

(4) This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day or night.

The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.

* O God! methinks, it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;

(4) *This, &c.*] See p. 8. n. 9. foregoing. The expression of blowing his nails, is peculiarly natural and beautiful; the reader may remember that *Shakespeare* uses it in the pretty song at the end of *Lowe's Labour Lost*.

And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail.

* *O God, &c.*] There is something very pleasing and natural in this passage; it is a good deal in the manner of *Virgil*, who speaks highly of a rural life in his second *Georgic*, which the reader will be much delighted with, if he compares it with our author, and no less with *Horace's* second Epode expressly on this subject! these are in almost every body's hands; let's known are the following lines from *Seneca's Hercules Oetetus* on the subject, and perhaps they may therefore be more agreeable:

Stretch'd on the turf in Sylvan shades,
No fear the peasant's rest invades,
While gilded roofs, and beds of state,
Perplex the slumbers of the great.

Secure he rears the beachen bowl,
With steady hand and fearless soul:
Pleas'd with his plain and homely meats
No swords surround him as he eats.

His modest wife of virtue try'd
Knows not th' expensive arts of pride;
Her easy wish, the home-spun-fleece
Plain in its native hue can please,
And happy in her nuptial bed,
No jealous doubts disturb her head;
Unlike the dame whose day of birth
Is solemniz'd thro' half the earth.

WARD.

To

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
 How many make the hour full compleat,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live:
 When this is known, then to divide the time;
 So many hours must I tend my flock;
 So many hours must I take my rest;
 So many hours must I contemplate;
 So many hours, must I sport myself;
 So many days, my ewes have been with young;
 So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yean;
 So many months, ere I shall shear the fleece;
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years,
 Past over, to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Oh! what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 (5) Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects treachery?

O, yes,

(5) *Than, &c.*] The miseries of royalty (as have been before observed, 2 *Henry IV.* A. 4. S. 10. n. 8.) is a very general topic with the poets; on which, as indeed on most others, they must yield the superiority to *Shakespeare*; Monsieur *Racine* in his celebrated tragedy of *Esther*, speaks thus on the subject.

A prince encompass'd with a busy crowd
 Is ever call'd away by some new object,
 The present strikes, futurity disturbs,
 But swift as lightning still the past escapes;
 Of all who hourly court our royal favour,
 And wou'd commend their loyalty and zeal,
 Not one is found so just and truly faithful
 To give us notice of neglected merit,
 But all with one consent promote our vengeance.

In

O, yes, it doth, a thousand fold it doth.
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds
 His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viand's sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When cares mistrust, and treason, wait on him.

In another part of this performance, the author sets in contrast the pleasures and pains of vicious greatness; thus the wicked man's alluring pomp is described,

His days appear a constant scene of joy;
 Gold glitters in his precious robes,
 His pride's as boundless as his wealth;
 He never wounds the air with mournful sighs;
 The voice of harmony salutes his ear,
 When he lies down to sleep, and when he wakes;
 Triumphant plenty with a chearful grace,
 Basks in his eyes, and sparkles in his face.

Again,

To crown his tow'ring and ambitious hopes,
 A laughing train of children at his boards
 Seem to quaff joy with him in copious bowls.

Now see the reverse.

With plenty crown'd, his conscious heart repines,
 And gall is mingled with his sweetest wines.
 On the rough waves of passions tost,
 He still unnumber'd pleasures tries:
 But finds his expectations crost,
 And happiness his fond embraces flies.
 For virtue is the only base
 Of happiness and lasting peace.

The reader with me, is indebted to my worthy friend Mr. *Duncombe* for the translation of these passages from the *French*, who hath finished the whole of this tragedy, and some years since published a translation of our author's other most famous performance, *Athaliah*.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

M O B.

(6) Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust ;
Such is the lightness of you common men.

SCENE III. *A Simile on ambitious Thoughts.*

Why, then I do but dream on sov'reignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry, to have his way.

Gloucester's Deformity.

(7) Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb ;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
To make an envious mountain on my back ;
Where fits deformity to mock my body ;
To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
To disproportion me in every part :
Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd ?

(6) *Look, &c.*] See Vol. I. p. 171.

(7) *Why, &c.* See the beginning of *Richard the third*,

Gloucester's *Diffimulation.*

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
 And frame my face to all occasions:
 I'll drown more failors than the Mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 I'll play the orator, as well as *Nessor*;
 Deceive more sily, than *Ulysses* could;
 And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*:
 I can add colours even to the camelion;
 Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages;
 (8) And set th' aspiring *Catiline* to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

ACT IV. SCENE IX.

Henry VI. *On his own Lenity.*

I have not stopt mine ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds;
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs;
 My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, tho' they much err'd.

(8) *And set, &c.*] I am of Mr. Warburton's opinion, this reading which is of the old *quarto*, is greatly preferable to that commonly received; not only because we thereby avoid an anachronism, but because *Richard*, perhaps, may be more aptly compared to *Catiline*, and because he instances, all through the speech, from the antients. The other reading is,

And set the murd'rous *Machiavel* to school.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE III.

The Earl of Warwick's dying Speech.

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *York* or *Warwick*?
Why ask I that? My mangled body shews
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

(9) Thus yields the cedar to the ax's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;

(9) *Thus yields, &c.*] For this grand and noble simile, *Shakespeare* is plainly indebted there, where for the first time through this work, I am obliged, and gladly, to acknowledge him out-done. 'Tis from the 31st chapter of the prophet *Ezekiel*, ver. 3. "Behold the *Affyrian* was a cedar in *Lebanon* with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs. 4. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field. 5. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth. 6. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations. 7. Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches: for his root was by great waters. 8. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him: the fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chesnut-trees were not like his branches; not any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty, &c. 12. And strangers, the terrible of the nations have cut him off, and have left him: upon the mountains, and in all the valleys his branches are fallen, and his boughs are broken by all the rivers of the land, and all the people of the earth are gone down from his shadow, and have left him. 13. Upon his ruin shall all the fowls of the heaven remain, and all the beasts of the field shall be upon his branches. &c. See the chapter.

The scriptures, and more especially the prophets, abound with many similar passages, sublime and exalted as this, which it would be endless to produce here.

Whose

66 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Whose top-branch over-peer'd *Jove's* spreading tree ;
 And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
 These eyes that now are dim'd with death's black veil,
 Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
 To search the secret treasons of the world.
 The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
 Were lik'ned oft to kingly sepulchres:
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile when *Warwick* bent his brow?
 Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
 (10) My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Ev'n now forsake me; and of all my lands
 Is nothing left me but my body's length.

*Queen Margaret's Speech before the Battle of
 Tewksbury.*

Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, what I shou'd say,
 My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
 Ye see, I drink the water of my eye;
 Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your sovereign
 Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
 His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
 And yonder is the Wolf that makes this spoil;
 You fight in justice; then, in God's name, Lords,
 Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

SCENE

(10) *My parks, &c.*] "I won't venture to affirm, says Mr. *Theobald*, our author is imitating *Horace* here: but surely this passage is very much of a cast with that which I am about to quote."

*Linquenda tellus, & domus, & placens
 Uxor: neque harum quas colis, arborum
 Te præter invisas cupressos,
 Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.*

B. 2. ode 14.

Thy spacious fields, thy splendid house,
 Thy pleasing wife must thou forego,
 Nor of those trees, thy hands have rais'd,

Ex-

SCENE VII. *Omens on the birth of Richard III.*

(11) The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven croak'd hoarse on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested, deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy mouth when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.

Except the baleful cypress boughs,
Shall one attend their short-liv'd lord below.

Dryden has beautifully copied the last line in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, where he makes the desponding hero, throwing himself on the ground, thus lament,

Lie there, the shadow of an emperor,
The place thou preffest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now.—

A. 1.

(11) *The owl, &c.*] See an account of the prodigies on the birth of *Glendower*, p. 6. n. 6.





The Life of HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE II.

A N G E R.

— T O climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

SCENE IV. *Action to be carried on with
Resolution.*

If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person; yet will be
The chronicles of my doing: let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not sting
Our necessary actions, in the fear,
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd: but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act: if we stand still, in fear,
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We should take root here, where we sit; or sit
State-statues only.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *New Customs.*

—————New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd

ACT II. SCENE II.

The Duke of Buckingham's Prayer for the King.

—————May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving may his rule be !
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness, and he fill up one monument !

Dependents not to be too much trusted by great Men.

This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
Beware you be not loose ; those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye.

SCENE III. *A good Wife.*

—————A loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with ; even of her,
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king.

SCENE

SCENE V. *The Blessings of a low Station.*

(1)———'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

SCENE VI. *Queen Catharine's Speech to her Husband.*

(2)———Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heav'n witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will, conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I

(1) See the 50th page foregoing. *Horace* thus advises in his 10th epistle, L. 1.

———*Fuge magna, &c.*

Forfake the gaudy tinsel of the great;
The peaceful cottage beckons a retreat:
Where true content a solid comfort brings
To kings unknown, or favourites of kings.

(2) *Alas, Sir, &c.*] The reader will find in the 2d scene of the 3d act of the *Winter's Tale*, a speech, made by the queen, on being accused by her husband, very similar to this: 'Tis spoken in court, where the innocent *Hermione* appear'd, and was condemned by her jealous husband.

Continue

Continue in my liking? Nay, give notice,
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years; and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person; in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up,
To the sharpest kind of justice.

Queen Catharine's Speech to Cardinal Wolsey:

——— You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride:
You have by fortune, and his highness's favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual.

SCENE VII. *King Henry's Character of Queen Catharine.*

That man i'th' world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens.

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

On her own Merit.

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
 Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one ?
 A woman (I dare say, without vain glory)
 Never yet branded with suspicion ?
 Have I, with all my full affections,
 Still met the king ? lov'd him, next heav'n, obey'd him ?
 Been out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'Tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour ; a great patience.

Queen Catharine compared to a Lilly.

(3)———Like the Lilly,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head and perish.

Obedience to Princes.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it : but to stubborn spirits,
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

SCENE III. *Horror, its outward Effects.*

———Some strange commotion
 Is in his brain ; he bites his lip, and starts ;
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,

(3) *Like the Lilly, &c*] So Spencer calls
 The lilly, lady of the flow'ring field.

Faerie Queene, B.2. c. 6. f. 16.

Then

Then lays his finger on his temple ; strait,
Sprints out into fast gate, then stops again ;
Strikes his breast hard, and then, anon, he casts
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

Firm Allegiance.

————— Though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms as horrid ; yet my duty,
(4) As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unskaken yours.

SCENE IV. *Anger, its external Effects.*

What sudden anger's this ? How have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. (5) So looks the chafed lion
Upon

(4) *As doth, &c.*] This simile is used both by *Virgil* and
Homer.

He, like a rock amidst the seas unmov'd,
Stands opposite resisting ; like a rock
Amidst the sea : which while the roaring tide
Encroaches, with its weight itself sustains
Among the noisy waves : in vain the cliffs
Foaming rebellow loud : and all around
The broken sea-weed dashes on its sides. —

See *Trap, Æn. 7.*

And again ;

He like a rock, which o'er the ocean wide,
Hangs prominent, expos'd to winds and waves
And all the rage of sea and sky endures :
Stands fix'd unmov'd — See *Id. Æn. 10.*

(5) *So looks, &c.*]

So when on sultry *Libya's* desert sand,
The lion spies the hunter hard at hand :

VOL. II.

E

Couch'd

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Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing.

Falling Greatness.

———Nay, then farewell!

I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

SCENE VI. *The Vicissitudes of Life.*

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness;
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, (6) nips his root;
And then he falls as I do; I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,

Couch'd on the earth the doubtful savage lies,
And waits awhile, till all his fury rise:
His lashing tail provokes his swelling sides,
And high upon his neck, his mane with horror rides:
Then, if at length the flying dart infect,
Or the broad spear invade his ample breast,
Scorning the wound, he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning on the hostile Moor.

ROWE'S *Lucan*, B. 1.

(6) *Nips his root.*] It is plain the poet speaks of the destruction of the tree by the frost *nipping* and *killing* the root, not the leaves and blossoms: so that Mr. Warburton's criticism is unnecessary. See *Love's Labour Lost*. Vol. I. p. 32.

Weary,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on prince's favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard; say then I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in:
A sure, and safe one, though thy matter mis'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:

(7) Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:

By that sin fell the angels; how can man then

(The image of his maker) hope to win by't?

(8) Love thyself last: cherish those hearts, that hate
thee:

Cor-

(7) *Cromwell, &c.*] In the second part of *Henry VI.* A. 1.
S. 4. the duke of *Gloster* says to his wife,

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.

(8) *Love, &c.*] The whole meaning of this advice seems to
be this: "Pay less regard to your own interest than to that of
your friends; love them first, yourself last, nay, even after your

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Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. (9) Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pry'thee, lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to heav'n, is all

enemies; for it is necessary for you to cherish those that hate you, to heap favours on them, and thereby make 'em your friends; for even corruption and bribery itself wins not more than honesty and open dealing." There seems a peculiar excellence in this advice of *Wolfey*, whose pride had occasioned him to despise his enemies, and condemn all their feeble efforts, as he judg'd, to harm him: and instead of loving *himself* last, he had placed there his *first* and sole affection. So that Mr. *Warburton's* criticism falls to the ground, who, observing, "that this, tho' an admirable precept for our conduct in private life, was never design'd for the magistrate or public minister, gives his opinion the poet wrote;

Cherish those hearts that *wait* thee.

Sir *T. Hammer* flattens the line by reading it,

Cherish ev'n the hearts that hate thee.

This passage appears with double propriety, when we consider, it comes from the mouth of a divine, who may be supposed to have had this verse of *St. Matthew* in view. *Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you.* Chap. v. ver. 44.

(9) *Be just, &c.*] The power and blessing of a good heart and conscience, are mentioned in the 40th page foregoing. *Milton*, in his *Comus*, speaks thus excellently of a virtuous man.

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i'th' center and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.—

I dare

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

A P P L A U S E.

—————(10) Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

SCENE II. *Cardinal Wolsey's Death.*

At last with easy roads he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rev'rend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words, "O father abbot,
"An old man, broken with the storms of state,
"Is come to lay his weary bones among you,
"Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, shou'd be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,

(10) *Such, &c.*] See Vol. I. p. 173, 174.
E. 3.

He

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

His Vices and Virtues.

So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity ; he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; (11) one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom : simony fair play ;
His own opinion was his law. I th' presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he went to ruin, pitiful.

(11) *One that, &c.*] Mr. Warburton explains this passage thus, " One that by giving the king pernicious counsel, ty'd or enslav'd the kingdom." And he observes, that *Shakespeare* uses the word *suggestion*, with a great propriety and seeming knowledge of the *Latin* tongue. For the late *Roman* writers and their glosses agree to give this sense to it; *Suggestio, est cum magistratus quilibet principi salubre consilium suggerit.* A suggestion, is, when a magistrate gives a prince wholesome council. " So that nothing could be severer than this reflection, that that wholesome council, which it is the minister's duty to give his prince, was so poisoned by him, as to produce slavery to his country." The commentator here (with great shew of reason) seems to strike out a meaning his author most probably never meant; if the reading be just, the passage is plain and easy, should we take *suggestion* in its vulgar acceptation: but it seems very exceptionable, nor can I be satisfied with *ty'd*, especially when I consider the words immediately following; indeed, it may be said, she is particularizing his vices without any connection: The *Oxford* editor reads *tyth'd*, which is too forc'd, and unwarrantable: *Wolsey* certainly had great sway in the kingdom by means of the high credit he was in with the king, but he could not be said properly, I think, by *suggestion*, by underhand dealings, or by pernicious counsel (which you will,) to tie the kingdom, properly; the word is printed very imperfectly in the old editions; perhaps it was *sway'd*; but I pretend not to say any thing certain; the judicious reader will soon see whether the explication given satisfies him.

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His promises were, as he then was mighty ;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble Madam,

¶(12) Mens evil manners live in brasse ; their virtues
We write in water. * * * * *

* * * * *. This cardinal,
Tho' from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour, from his cradle ;
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise ; fair spoken, and persuading ;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not :
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he was unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it :
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little ;
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

(12) *Mens, &c.*] *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* borrowed this sentiment from *Shakespeare* in their *Philaster*. Act 5.

—All your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble.

A C T V. S C E N E V.

Malicious Men.

(13) ——— Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. ———

A Church-Man.

——— Love and meekness, Lord,
 Become a church-man better than ambition :
 Win straying souls with modesty again ;
 Cast none away.

I N H U M A N I T Y.

(14) ——— 'Tis a cruelty
 To load a falling man.

SCENE VIII. *Archbishop Cranmer's Prophecy.*

——— Let me speak, Sir ;
 (For heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,

(13) *Men, &c.*] In *Pastor Fido*, there is a fine sentiment not
 unlike this. Act 5. Sc. 1.

Who now can boast of earth's felicity,
 When envy treads on virtue's heel? S. R. Fanshawe;

(14) *'Tis, &c.*] The poet, in the former part of the play,
 gives us the same humane and tender sentiment.

——— O my lord,
 Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue. Act 3. S. 6.

Nothing can afford us a better idea of the author's excellent
 mind; and we are assured, from the account we have of his cha-
 racter, he was remarkable for his humanity, benevolence, and
 many virtues.

Look how the father's face, (says *Ben Johnson*)
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of *Shakespeare's* mind and manners brightly shines,
 In his well-torned, and true filed lines,

Let

Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find 'em truth.
 This royal infant, (heav'n still move about her)
 Tho' in a cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)
 A pattern to all princes living with her;
 And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
 Than this blest soul shall be. All princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her;
 Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless
 her;

Her foes shake, like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with
 her.

(15) In her days, ev'ry man shall eat in safety,
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours;
 God shall be truly known, and those about her,
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And claim by those their goodness, not by blood:
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,

(15) *In, &c.*] The poet's excellence in so beautifully keeping
 up the propriety of his characters, can never be sufficiently ad-
 mired; no expressions could have so well become the mouth of
 an archbishop as scripture ones; and we may observe, what
 grace this elegant compliment to his *princess* gains from thence;
 the blessings of *Salomon's* reign are set forth in the first of *Kings*,
 Ch. iv. where particularly 'tis said, "Every man dwelt safely
 under his vine;" and so in the prophet *Micah*, "They shall sit
 every man under his vine, and under his fig-tree; and none shall
 make them afraid; for all people will walk every one in the
 name of his God, &c. See Ch. iv. Ver. 4.

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Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(16) (When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of dark-
ness)

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :
Wherever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
And like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him ; Children's children
Shall see this, and bless heav'n.

(16) *This cloud of darkness.*] Milton in his *Comus*, at the be-
ginning, thus speaks in contempt of the earth :

Above the smoak and stir of this *dim spot*,
Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this *pinfold* here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives.





The Life and Death of King John *.

ACT I. SCENE III.

New Titles.

GOOD-den, Sir Richard—God a mercy, fellow,
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :
 For new made honour doth forget men's names :
 'Tis too respective aud unsociable
 For your conversing. Now your traveller,
 He and his tooth pick at my worship's mess :
 And when my knightly stomach is satisf'd,
 Why then, I suck my teeth, and catechise
 (1) My piked man of countries ; — my dear Sir,

(Thus

* *King John*] The style all thro' this excellent play is grand and equal, and it abounds with a great variety of fine topics and affecting passages; *Shakespeare* seems to have had a particular respect for *Faulconbridge*, whose character is well maintained, as is that of the king, than whom none could have been a more proper person for tragedy; I know not by what singular good fortune too it has happened, that the text is remarkably correct, and free from that multitude of mistakes, wherewith most of our author's works to unhappily abound.

(1) *My piked*.] Mr. *Rope* explains this by "a Man formally bearded." The old copies, (says *Theobald*) give it us *picked*; by a slight corruption in the spelling; but the author certainly design'd *piqued* (from the French verb, *je pique*) i. e. touchy, tart, apprehensive, upon his guard." A sense, (that perhaps may seem ridiculous to some readers, and which I by no means advance as

(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
 I shall beseech you—that is question now;
 And then comes answer-like an A B C book:
 O Sir, says answer, at your best command,
 At your employment, at your service, Sir;—
 No, Sir, says question, I, sweet Sir, at yours,
 And so e'er answer knows what question would,
 Saving in dialogue of compliment;
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean and the river Po;
 It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself:
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Description of England.

(2) That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,

And

true) strikes me on reading the passage. “Richard says, the traveller and his *tooth-pick* shall be both at his table, and for my own part, he goes on, when I have sufficed my knightly stomach, then I shall sit at my ease *picking* my teeth, and catechising my picked man of countries, *i. e.* my traveller who has already picked his teeth, and does not take the liberty which I do, to loll on his elbow and pick his teeth, being subservient to my commands, and waiting for my catechising him.” In this sense *picked* is right in the old copies.

(2) *That, &c.*] *Shakespeare*, like a true lover of his country, has never omitted any opportunity to celebrate it or his countrymen, the reader will find, besides the passages in the present play, one in *Richard II.* A. 2. S. 1. and *Cymbeline*, A. 3. S. 1. *Spenser* too forgot not to pay due honours to his country in his *Fairie Queene*, but has given us one whole canto, which he entitles,

A Chro-

And coops from other lands her islanders ;
 Ev'n till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Ev'n till that utmost corner of the west,
 Salute thee for her king.

Description of an English Army.

His marches are expedient to this town,
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother queen ;
 An Ate stirring him to blood and strife.
 With her, her niece the lady Blanch of Spain ;
 (3) With them a bastard of the king deceas'd ;
 And all th' unsettled humours of the land,

A chronicle of Briton kings
 From *Brute* to *Uthers* raigne :
 And rolls of *Elfin* emperors
 Till time of *Gloriane*.

B. 2. C. 10.

Neither has *Milton* omitted to mention his country; in his admirable mask of *Comus*, he calls it

—An isle

The greatest and the best of all the main ;
 And his countrymen, An old and haughty nation proud in arms.

(3) *With them, &c.*] There is a slight error in the pointing here, which I the rather take notice of, as it runs thro' all the editions, and seems to have given the editors a wrong sense of the passage ; 'tis said the king is come with the mother queen,

With her, her niece the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*,
 With them a bastard of the king deceas'd,
 And all the unsettled humours of the land :
 Rash, inconsiderate, &c.

I think there is no doubt, the semicolon should be after the bastard of the king deceas'd ; then he adds, and all the unsettled humours of the land, rash, &c. have sold, &c." *Scathe* in the last line but two, signifies damage, hurt, mischief, derived from a *Saxon* word: *Skinner* says, it is yet used in *Lincolnshire*, which it might have been in his time, and probably may be now, tho' I don't recollect ever to have heard it.

With

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With lady's faces, and fierce dragon's spleens,
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scathe in Christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.

C O U R A G E.

By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence;
 For courage mounteth with occasion.

SCENE II. *A Boaster.*

What cracker is this fame, that deafs our ears
 With this abundance of superfluous breath?

SCENE IV. *Description of Victory, by the French.*

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
 And let young Arthur duke of Bretagne in:
 Who by the hand of France this day hath made,
 Much work for tears in many an English mother,
 Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
 And many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
 While victory with little loss doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors.

The Life and Death of King John. 87

By the English.

Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King John, your king, and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot, malicious day:
Their armours that march'd hence, so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in Frenchmens blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France.
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purple hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.

SCENE V. *A compleat Lady.*

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where shou'd he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where shou'd he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If love, ambitious sought a match of birth
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?

SCENE VI. *On Commodity, or Self-Interest.*

— Rounded in the ear

With that same purpose changer, that fly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, which of itself is poised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,

This

This sway of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifference,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent,
 And this same bias, &c.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Woman's Fears.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick and capable of fears :
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of tears ;
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;
 A woman, naturally born to fears :
 And tho' thou now confess thou did'st but jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all the day.

Tokens of Grief.

* What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds ?
 Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words ?

* *What, &c.*] So *Seneca* in his *Oedipus*, says,
Effari dubitas? cur genas mutat color?
Quid verba quæris?

And in his *Agamemnon*,

Quid tacita versas,
Licet ipsa fileas, totus in vultu dolor est.

Why dost thou fear to speak ? Why on thy cheeks ?
 Does thus thy colour come and go ? And wherefore.
 Art thou thus at a loss to speak thy purpose ?—

Again,

What secret sorrows roll within thy breast;
 Thus silent ?—All thy looks bespeak affliction.

Then

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Then speak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

A Mother's Fondness for a beautiful Child.

(4) If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim
Ugly, and scandalous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!

(4) *If thou, &c.*] So in the *Unnatural Combat of Massinger*, the father, who was struggling with the violent and shocking passion he had conceived for his daughter, observes,

—If thou had'st been born
Deform'd and crooked in the features of
Thy body, as the manners of thy mind,
Moor-lip'd, flat-nos'd, dim-ey'd and beetle-brow'd,
With a dwarf's stature to a giant's waist:
Sour-breath'd, with claws for fingers on thy hands,
Splay-footed, gouty-legg'd, and over-all
A loathsome leprosy had spread itself,
And made thee shun'd of human fellowships,
I had been blest—
Rather than as now,
(Tho' I had drown'd thee for it in the sea)
Appearing as thou dost a new *Pandora*,
With *Juno's* fair cow-eyes, *Minerva's* brow,
Aurora's blushing cheeks, *Hebe's* fresh youth,
Venus soft paps, and *Thetis* silver feet. Act 4. S. 1.

The last lines of *Massinger* are an immediate translation from a pretty *Greek epigram*, the author of which compares his mistress's eyes to *Juno's*, her paps to *Venus's*, &c.

Ομματα' ἔχεις Ἡρῆς, Μελίτη, τὰς χεῖρας Ἀθηνῆς,
Τὰς μαστοὺς Πάφης, τὰ σφυρά της Θητιδος, &c.

Na

(5) Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.

G R I E F.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes the owner stout.

SCENE II. *Constance to Austria.*

O Lymoges, O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side:
Thou fortune's champion, that durst never fight,
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'd up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp and swear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calves skin on those recreant limbs.

SCENE V. *The Horrors of a Conspiracy.*

(6) I had a thing to say, — but, let it go:
The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,

At-

(5) *Nature, &c.*] In the *Philætes* of *Sophocles*, it is said,

ΑΛΛ' ΕΥΓΕΝΗΣ ΓΑΡ Η ΦΥΣΙΣ, ΚΑ' Ἐ ΕΥΓΕΝΟΥ
Ω ΤΕΚΝΟΥ, Η ΣΗ —

Noble thy nature, as thy birth, my son.

(6) *I had, &c.*] The reader cannot but be struck with the peculiar excellencies of this speech: we see into the very workings
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Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight-bell,
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard, where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit melancholy

of king *John's* troubled soul, while he is wishing yet afraid to disclose his bloody purpose to *Hubert*; and how finely does the author describe the situation the mind should be in to hear and embrace such a proposal, the place fittest to disclose it in, the time most suitable to pour it into the bosom of the hearer. See *Julius Caesar*, p. 97. *Shakespeare*, when he would express the most dreadful time of night, always speaks of the hours of *twelve* or *one*; for that, in the vulgar opinion, was the peculiar time of ghosts and spirits. In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he says,

The iron tongue of midnight hath told *twelve*.

And the ghost in *Hamlet* just then stalks forth, when *Bernardo* giving an account of it comes to

The bell then beating *one*.

A most beautiful break, and finely imagin'd.

The king, in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's King and no King*, is alike troubled and fearful to disclose his intentions. *Mardonius* says of him,

—He has follow'd me

Thro' twenty rooms, and ever when I stay

To wait's command, he blushes like a girl,

And looks upon me as if modesty

Kept in his business: so turns away from me:

But if I go on, he follows me again.

And the king says of himself,

I cannot utter it; why shou'd I keep

A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak?

Darkness is in my bosom, and there lie

A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light:

How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done,

Conscience that art afraid to let me name it? *Act 3.*

Had

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot laughter keep mens eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment;
 (A passion hateful to my purposes)
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful soul of words;
 Then in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts;
 But ah, I will not.——

SCENE VI. *A Mother's Ravings.*

I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
 My name is Constance, I was Geoffrey's wife:
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost,
 I am not mad: I would to heav'n I were!
 For then 'tis like, I should forget myself.
 Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd Cardinal,
 For being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel,
 The different plague of each calamity.

Apostrophe to Death.

—— Oh! amiable, lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness,
 Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And

And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself ;
Come grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And kiss thee as thy wife ; misery's love,
O come to me !

A Mother's Grief.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n ;
If that be, I shall see my boy again.
For since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chace the native beauty from his cheek ;
And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
And so he'll die ; and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n,
I shall not know him ; therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.—

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child ;

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child.

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts ;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

SCENE VII. *Despondency.*

There's nothing in this world can make me joy ;
Life

(7) Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Departing Diseases.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure, most of all shew evil.

Danger lays hold of any Support.

He that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Arthur's pathetic Speeches to Hubert.

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.

* * * * *

Have you the heart? when your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows;
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you, and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?

(7) *Life, &c.*] So in another part of the play, he says,

This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome.

I bring this passage chiefly that the reader may more carefully
dwell on the inimitable beauties of that in the text.

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Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince,
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you. ———

* * * * *

Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heav'n's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound,
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not stir nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to;
Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Art. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

SCENE II. *To add to Perfection, superfluous, and
suspicious.*

To gild refin'd gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rain-bow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

* * * * *

In

In this the antique and well-noted face
 Of plain old form is much disfigured :
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;
 Startles and frights consideration ;
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Murderer's Look.

This is the man shou'd do the bloody deed ;
 The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye : that close aspect of his
 Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.

Struggling Conscience.

The colour of the king doth come and go,
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent ;
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

SCENE IV.. *News-Tellers on the Death of Arthur.*

Old men and beldams, in the streets,
 Do prophecy upon it dangerously :
 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths ;
 And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
 And whisper one another in the ear.
 And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
 Whilst he that hears makes fearful action ;
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes,
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth, swallowing a taylor's news,
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,

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That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Kings evil Purposes too servily and hastily executed.

(8) It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life :
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know a meaning
Of dang'rous majesty, when perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

A Villain's Look, and wicked Zeal.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done ? For had'st not thou been by,
A fellow, by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
Had'st thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,

(8) *It is, &c.]* So the king, in *A King and no King*, observe,

If there were no such instruments as thou,
We kings could never act such wicked deeds :
Seek out a man that mocks divinity,
That breaks each precept both of God and man,
And nature's too, and does it without lust,
Merely because it is a law, and good,
And live with him ; for him thou can'st not spoil.

And a little before, he speaks of *Beffus*, as the most horrid object, after consenting to his wicked proposal.

But thou appear'st to me after thy grant,
The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing,
That I have met with : thou hast eyes
Like flames of sulphur, which methinks do dart
Infection on me ; and thou hast a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there does stand
Four rows of iron teeth——

Act 3. the end.

When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
 Or turn'd an eye, of doubt upon my face,
 Or bid me tell my tale in exprefs words ;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.

SCENE VI. *HYPOCRISY.*

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
 For villany is not without such rheum ;
 And he long traded in it, makes it seem
 Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

SCENE VII. *DESPAIR.*

(9) If thou did'st but consent
 To this most cruel act, do but despair,
 And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread,
 That ever spider twisted from her womb,
 Will strangle thee: a rush will be a beam
 To hang thee on: or wouldst thou drown thyself,
 Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.

ACT V. SCENE II.

A Man's Tears.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation:
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,

(9) *It is, &c.*] So in the *Winter's tale*. *Paulina* tells the king his crime is so great, it can never be forgotten, and nothing remains for him but to despair. See Vol. I. p. 140.

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Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n,
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And, with a great heart, heave away this storm,
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes,
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

SCENE IV. *D R U M S.*

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'rest. * * * * *

* * * * * Do but start
An eccho with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

SCENE IX. *The Approach of Death.*

It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
(Which, some suppose, the soul's frail dwelling-house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Madness, occasioned by Poison.

(10) Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room,
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

There

(10) *Ay, marry, &c.*] In the *Valentinian* of Beaumont and
Fletcher, the emperor is brought on the stage, poisoned.—
There he calls out for

F 2

Drink

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Poison'd, ill fare ! dead, forsook, cast off ;

And

Drink, drink, drink, colder, colder
Than snow on *Scythian* mountains : oh my heart-strings ;
Danubius

I'll have brought through my body :

And *Volga*, on whose face the north-wind freezes.

I am an hundred hells, an hundred piles

Already to my funeral are flaming,

Shall I not drink ?

Like *Nero*,

But far more terrible and full of slaughter,

I' th' midst of all my fire, I'll fire the empire :

A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me :

Invite the gentle winds, *Eudoxia*.

More drink,

A thousand *April* showers fall in my bosom ;

How dare ye let me be tormented thus ? &c.

See Act 5. S. 2.

But in another play of theirs——*A wife for a month*, is a poisoning scene, which better deserves to be compar'd with this of our author, and which Mr. *Seward* observes, "every reader of taste will acknowledge superior to it." *Alphonso*, long a prey to melancholy, is poisoned with a hot, burning potion, and in the midst of his tortures, raves thus.

Give me more air, more air, air : blow, blow, blow,

Open thou eastern gate, and blow upon me :

Distill thy cold dews, O thou icy moon,

And rivers run through my afflicted spirit.

I am all fire, fire, fire : the raging dog-star

Reigns in my blood : oh which way shall I turn me ?

Ætna and all her flames, burn in my head ;

Fling me into the ocean or I perish :

Dig, dig, dig, dig, until the springs fly up ;

The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into them,

And bathe my scorch'd limbs in their *purling pleasures*.

Or shoot me into the higher region,

Where treasures of delicious snow are nourish'd,

And banquets of sweet hail.

Pug.

And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom : nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

Rug. Hold him fast, fryar,
Oh, how he burns!

Alph. What! will ye sacrifice me?
Upon the altar lay my willing body,
And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense:
And as I turn me, you shall see all flame,
Consuming flame: stand off me, or you're ashes.

Mart. To bed, good Sir.

Alph. My bed will burn about me :
Like *Phaeton*, in all consuming flashes
Am I inclos'd: let me fly, let me fly, give room;
'Twixt the cold bears, far from the raging lion,
Lies my safe way: O for a cake of ice now
To clap unto my heart to comfort me.
Decrepid winter, hang upon my shoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen isicles,
Like jewels round about my head to cool me.
My eyes burn out and sink into their sockets,
And my infected brain, like brimstone boils :
I live in hell, and several furies vex me.
O, carry me where never sun e'er shew'd yet
A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,
Never to be dissolved, where nought inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping frosts and winds,
That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver :
Set me there, friends——

The line——

'Twixt the cold bears, far from the raging lion,
was read, (before corrected by Mr. Seward.)

Betwixt the cold bear and the raging lion.

SCENE X. *England, invincible, if unanimous.*

England never did, nor ever shall
 Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms ;
 And we shall shock them.—Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.



Julius



Julius Cæsar.

ACT I. SCENE III.

P A T R I O T I S M.

(1) **W**HAT is it, that you would impart to me?
 If it be aught towards the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
 And I will look on both indifferently:
 For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius, in Contempt of Cæsar.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
 We both have fed as well; and we can both

(1) *What, &c.*] “How agreeable to his stoic character, does *Shakespear* make *Brutus* speak here? *Cicero de fin.* iii. 16. *Quid enim illi ΑΔΙΑΦΟΡΟΝ dicunt, id mihi ita occurrit, ut indifferens dicerem.* One of the great division of things among the stoics was into *good, bad, indifferent*: virtue, and whatever partook of virtue, was *good*: vice, *bad*: but what partook of neither virtue, nor vice, being not in our power, was *indifferent*: such as honour, wealth, death, &c. But of these indifferent things, some might be esteemed more than others; as here *Brutus* says, *I love the name of honour, more than I fear death.* See *Cicero de fin.* iii. 15, 16. The stoics never destroyed choice among *indifferent* things.—This being premised, let us see *Brutus's* speech—
 “If it be aught (says he) towards the general good, (*προς το ολον προς την πολιν*) as I am a part of that whole, a citizen of that city: my principles lead me to pursue it: this is my end, my good: whatever comes in competition with the general good, will weigh nothing: death and honour are to me things of an *indifferent* nature: but however I freely acknowledge, that of these indifferent things, honour has my greatest esteem, my choice and love: the very name of honour I love, more than I fear death.” *Upton's Observations on Shakespear*, p. 314.

Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

(2) For once upon a raw and guffy day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" — Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow; so indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, "help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man

(2) *For once, &c.*] It is too well known that swimming was a usual exercise with the hardy and noble Romans, to insist upon it here: *Horace* makes it a mark of effeminaey to neglect it: and complains to *Lydia*, that she had enervated *Sybaris*, by making him afraid even to touch the yellow Tyber's stream——

Cur timet fluvium Tyberim tangere? See ode 3. l. 1.

Julius Cæsar was remarkable for his excellence in swimming: *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *False one*, thus nobly describe one of the most illustrious incidents of his life——

But got near the sea,
In which his navy anchor'd, in one hand
Holding a scroll he had, above the waves,
And in the other grasping fast his sword,
As it had been a trident forg'd by *Vulcan*
To calm the raging ocean; he made a way
As if he had been *Neptune*: his friends, like
So many *Tritons* follow'd: their bold shouts
Yielding a chearful music; we shower'd darts
Upon 'em, but in vain: they reach'd their ships,
And in their safety we are sunk: for *Cæsar*
Prepares for war. See the latter end of Act 5.

The reader is desired to refer to the 116th page of the 1st volume.

Is

Is now become a God ; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this God did shake ;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan :
 Aye, and that tongue of his, that bad the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cry'd—" give me some drink, Titinius—
 As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 (3) So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. *[Shout. flourish.]*

Bru. Another general shout !
 I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

(3) *So get, &c.*] Mr. Warburton tells us, " the image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympic games." Tho' that does not appear so certain or necessary, since the allusion to any public games will do full as well; yet what he says afterwards is more to the purpose: " The majestic world is a fine periphrasis for the Roman empire: their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion, *Orbis Romanus*." But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern, Alexander, who being asked whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, " yes, if the racers were kings." For this allusion also, there does not seem the least hint in the passage; rather the contrary: Cassius wonders how such a feeble man should so get the start of all the Romans, the majestic world, as to bear the palm alone? How he, feebler than the rest, should in the course out-strip 'em all, and carry off the price?

Men at sometimes are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar ! what should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together ; yours is as fair a name :
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd ;
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man.

SCENE IV. Cæsar's *Dislike of Cassius.*

Would he were fatter ; but I fear him not :
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid,
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
 He is a great observer ; and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony ; (4) he hears no music :
 Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,

(4) *He hears, &c.*] Mr. Theobald observes well here :
 " This is not a trivial observation, nor does our poet mean
 barely by it, that *Cassius* was not a merry, sprightly man, but
 that he had not a due temperament of harmony in his composi-
 tion : and that, therefore, natures so uncorrected, are dange-
 rous." He hath finely dilated on this sentiment, in his *Mer-
 chant of Venice*.

The man that hath no music, &c.

See vol. I. p. 78.

That

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

SCENE VII. *Spirit of Liberty.*

I know, where I will wear this dagger, then :
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this ; know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Ambition, covered with specious Humility.

But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Conspiracy,

Conspiracy, dreadful till executed.

(5) Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
 The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Con-

(5) *Between, &c.*] Mr. Addison has paraphrased this inimitable passage, in his *Cato*, which always serves to remind me of that excellent distinction, made by Mr. Guthrie, in his *Essay on Tragedy*, betwixt a poet and a genius: See p. 18, &c. and p. 237. vol. I.

O think what anxious moments pass between
 The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
 Oh 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
 Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death. *Cato.*

Either Mr. Theobald or Mr. Warburton (which who can pronounce, since the one prints the same words in his preface, which the other uses as his own in his notes? See *Theobald's* preface, vol. 1. p. 25, and *Warburton* on the passage) either the one or the other of them have observed, "that nice critic, *Dionysius*, of *Halicarnassus*, confesses, that he could not find those great strokes which he calls the *terrible graces*, any where so frequent as in *Homer*. I believe the success would be the same, likewise, if we sought for them in any other of our authors besides our *British Homer*, *Shakespeare*. This description of the condition of conspirators has a pomp and terror in it, that perfectly astonishes; our excellent Mr. Addison, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident in his own genius, but whose exquisite judgment always led him to the safest guides, has paraphrased this fine description: but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces, which he could not hinder from evaporating in the transfusion. We may observe two things on his imitation: first, that the subjects of these two conspiracies being so very different, (the fortune of *Cæsar* and the *Roman* empire being concerned in the first, and that of only a few auxiliary troops in the other) Mr. Addison could not with that propriety bring in that magnificent circumstance, which gives the terrible grace to *Shakespeare's* description:

The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council.—

For

CONSPIRACY.

O conspiracy!

Sham'ft thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
 When evils are most free? O then, by day
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
 To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy,
 Hide it in smiles and affability:
 For if thou (6) path, thy native semblance on,
 Not Erebus itself were dim enough
 To hide thee from prevention.

Against Cruelty.

Gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

For kingdoms, in the poetical theology besides their *good*, have their *evil* geniuses likewise, represented here with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting in council with the conspirators, whom he calls the *mortal instruments*. But this would have been too great an apparatus to the rape and desertion of *Syphax* and *Sempronius*. Secondly, the other thing very observable is, that Mr. *Addison* was so warm'd and affected with the fire of *Shakespeare's* description, that instead of copying his author's sentiments, he has, before he was aware, given us only the image of his own expressions, on the reading his great original. For

Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time
 Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.

Are not the affections rais'd by such forcible images as these,

All the *interim* is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.
 The state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Comparing the mind of a conspirator to an anarchy, is just and beautiful: but the *interim* to a hideous dream, has something in it so wonderfully natural, and lays the human soul so open, that one cannot but be surpriz'd, that any poet, who had not himself been some time or other engaged in a conspiracy, could ever have given such force of colouring to truth and nature.

(6) *Path,*] i. e. walk; he makes a verb of the substantive, which is very common with him.

Let's

110 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them.

S L E E P.

† Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou has no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

SCENE III. *Portia's Speech to Brutus.*

‡ You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed : and yesternight at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms a-cross :
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further : then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not ;
But with an angry wafture with your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometimes hath his hour with every man,
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

† See p. 20 of this volume, and the 117th page of vol. 1.

‡ See the 5th page of this volume.

SCENE IV. Calphurnia to Cæsar, on the *Prodigies*
seen the Night before his Death.

Cæsar, I never stood on * ceremonies,
 Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
 (Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
 A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead,
 Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
 In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
 Which drizzled blood upon the capitol:
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
 O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
 Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Against the Fear of Death.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
 The valiant never taste of death but once:
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange, that men should fear:
 (7) Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come.

* The reader will be agreeably entertained, if he turns to
 the beginning of *Hamlet*, where he will find an account of these
 prodigies from our author, *Virgil* and *Ovid*.

(7) *Seeing, &c.*]

The term of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it,
 The soldier may not move from watchful sted,
 Nor leave his stand until his captaine bed.

Spenser.
 D A N.

D A N G E R.

Danger knows full well,

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.

(8) We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.

SCENE VII. E N V Y.

(9) My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

A C T III. S C E N E III.

Antony to the Corps of Cæsar.

O, mighty Cæsar, dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? fare thee well.

His Address to the Conspirators.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend;
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,
Now whilst your fury-led hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no means of death
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of the age.

(8) *We are, &c.*] The old folios read *Wee beare*, which Mr. Theobald, ingeniously enough, altered to *we were*; and Mr. Upton to *we are*, which is not only nearer the traces of the letters, but more agreeable to the sense of the passage: for *Cæsar* speaks all through in the present tense: *Danger knows*, that *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he: *we are* two lions, twins, litter'd in one day, and *I am* the elder and more terrible.

(9) See p. 80. foregoing, and n. 13.

SCENE

SCENE IV. R E V E N G E.

(10) Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.

SCENE V. Brutus's Speech to the People.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer; not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead to live all free-men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him

(10) Cæsar's, &c.] Mr. Seward observes, that in those terrible *graces* spoken of just now (note 5.) no followers of *Shakespeare* approach so near him as *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*; of which he adds the lines here quoted as a strong proof:

Fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him, will shake all *Ægypt*:
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits,
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder.
Destructions darting from their looks.

The False One, A. 2. S. 1.

There is something very great and astonishing in the following passage from *Ben Jonson*, though not very famous for such daring flights. *Catiline* says to his soldiers,

Methinks I see death, and the furies waiting
What we will do, and all the *heaven* at leisure
For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords, &c.
See *Catiline*, Act 5.
have

have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any speak; for him have I offended.—

SCENE VI. *Antony's Funeral Oration.*

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do, lives after them;
 The good is oft interred with their bones;
 So let it be with Cæsar! noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man.
 So are they all, all honourable men)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious,
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor hath cry'd, Cæsar hath wept;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,
 And, sure he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause:
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason.——Bear with me,
 My

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

* * * * *

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong ;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong ; I rather chuse
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will ;
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will ; read it, Mark Antony.

All. The Will ; the Will : we will hear Cæsar's Will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you ;
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men :
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not, that you are his heirs ;
For if you should—O what would come of it ?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will, we will hear it, Antony :
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
(I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.)

I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors—honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will!
Then make a ring about the corps of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend, and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2. *Pleb.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember,
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;—
See, what a rent the envious Casca made.—
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark, how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him;
This, this, was the unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude more strong than traitors arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
And in (11) this mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

(11) *This]* *Upton* vulg. *his*. “The action and the emphasis is highly improved by this easy change.” The reader may see a severe comment on a note of *Mr. Warburton's*, concerning this mantle in the 14th page of the preface to *Upton's* observations on *Shakespear*.

(Which

(Which all the while ran blood) great Cæsar fell.

O what a fall was there, my countrymen !

Then I and you, and all of us fell down :

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O now you weep : and I perceive you feel

The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.

Kind souls ! what, weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? look you here !

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd ; revenge ; about—
seek—burn—fire—kill—slap ! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny :

They, that have done this deed, are honourable.

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

(12) That love my friend ; and that they know full
well,

That give me public leave to speak of him :

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action or utt'rance, nor the power of speech,

To stir mens blood ; I only speak right on.

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;

Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths !

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

(12) See Vol. I. p. 187. n. 6.

A C T IV. S C E N E II.

Ceremony insincere.

—Ever note Lucilius,
 When love begins to sicken and decay,
 It useth an enforced ceremony:
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
 Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,
 They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
 Sink in the trial.

SCENE III. *Changes to the Inside of Brutus's Tent.*

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. (13) That you have wrong'd me doth appear in
 this,
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,

For

(13) *That, &c.*] I shall not use any apology for quoting this celebrated scene entire; since to have taken any particular passages from it would have spoilt the beauty of the whole: Its excellence is so generally known, and so greatly admired, that there remains little to be said concerning it: There is a famous scene of the like kind between *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, in the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of *Euripides*, which Mr. *Dryden* judges inferior to this; the reader may see what he says upon this head in his preface to *Troilus* and *Cressida*, in which he himself has introduced a similar scene: *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, charmed, I suppose, with the applause our author met with for this scene, (which we find particularly commended in some verses prefix'd to the first folio impression of his works,

Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
 Than what thy half-sword parlying *Roman* make)
 They,

For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That (14) ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this ;
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember.

They, I say, have endeavoured to imitate him but with their usual success, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, where " two virtuous persons, as here and in *Euripides*, raised by natural degrees to the extremity of passion, are conducted to the declination of that passion, and conclude with the warm renewing of their friendship." See the *Maid's Tragedy*, Act 3. Mr. Gildon in his remarks on *Shakespeare's* works, at the end of his poems, has translated the quarelling scene from *Euripides*, in which, if a good deal of the spirit has evaporated, the reader will yet in some measure be able to judge of its merits. See *Shakespeare's* poems, *Sewel's* edit. p. 388.

(14) *Ev'ry nice*, &c.] This may be well understood and explained by every *sight* or trifling offence ; but I am to imagine the author gave it,

That every offence should bear *nice* comment.

It was so easy for the word *nice* to have been removed from its proper place : *his* comment is in the folio, which shews there is something wrong ; and the metre by this reading is as perfect, nay more so, than by the other.

Did

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Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake ?
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
 I'll not endure it ; you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in ; I am a foldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, (15) *Cassius.*

Cas.

(15) *You are not, Cassius.*] See Mr. Warburton's note on the place; upon which Mr. Edwards, in his *Canons of Criticism*, p. 93. observes thus, "If Mr. Warburton had not been giddy with his ideas of bravery, disinterestedness, philosophy, honour, and patriotism, which have nothing to do here, he would have seen, that *Cassius* is the vocative case, not the nominative; and that *Brutus* does not mean to say, *you are not an able foldier*; but he says, *you are not an abler than I*; a point which it was far from being beneath his character to insist on.

If the words, *you are not, Cassius*, meant a new imputation on him for degeneracy, his mere denial of it is very flat, and *Brutus* replying to that denial, by a mere repetition of his former assertion, without adding any reason for it, is still worse: whereas, if the words mean only a denial of what *Cassius* had just said, it is natural enough for each of them to maintain his ground, by a confident assertion of the truth of his opinion. And that the superiority of foldiership was the point of their dispute, is most manifestly evident; by *Brutus*' resuming it a little lower,

You say you are a better foldier, &c.

Upon which *Cassius* answers,

You

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man.

Cas. Is't possible?—

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted when a mad man stares?

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay more. Fret 'till your proud heart
breaks;

Go shew your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you! must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? by the God,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Tho' it do split you. For, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mouth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier;

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me,

Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

You wrong me ev'ry way; you wrong me, *Brutus*,

I said an *elder* soldier; not a *better*,

Did I say *better*?

Cas. I durst not?—

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love?
I may do that, I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, (16) than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me; was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

(16) *Than to wring, &c.*] This inimitable passage is not only highly in character, but as Mr. Warburton has observed, is most happily expressed. “To *wring* implies both to *get unjustly*, and to use *force* in getting: and *hard hands* signify both the *peasants great labour* and pains in acquiring, and his great unwillingness to quit his hold.”

Bru.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

For Cassius is a weary of the world :

Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;

Check'd like a bond-man : all his faults observ'd ;

Set in a note-book, learn'd and con'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast—within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus's mine, richer than gold ;

If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.

I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart ;

Strike, as thou did'st at Cæsar ; for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'd'st him bet,

ter

Than ever thou lov'd'st Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger ;

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;

Who much enforced, shews a hasty spark,

And strait is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

[*Embracing.*]

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

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Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

* * * * *

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better — Porcia's dead,

Cas. Ha! Porcia! —

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: (for with her death
That tidings came) (with this she fell distract,
And (her attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter boy with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her; give me a bowl of
wine. [Drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

SCENE V. *Opportunity to be seiz'd on all Affairs.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat:

And

And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

ACT V. SCENE III.

The Parting of Brutus and Cassius.

Bru. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began;
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed:
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end;
And then the end is known.

Melancholy, the Parent of Error.

Oh, hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Antony's Character of Brutus.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,

Did, that they did, in envy of great Cæsar :
 He, only, in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
 * And say to all the world ; “ This was a man ! ”

* It may perhaps be needless to inform the reader, that the duke of *Buckingham*, displeas'd with what the critics esteem so great a fault in this play, the death of *Julius Cæsar*, in the third act, hath made two plays of it: but I am afraid the lovers of *Shakespear* will be apt to place that nobleman's performance on a level with the rest of those who have attempted to alter, or amend *Shakespear*.



King



King LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE III.

An alienated Child.

(1) **L**ET it be so, thy truth then be thy dower :
 For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
 By all the operations of the orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me,
 Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous Scy-
 thian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

BASTARDY.

Thou, nature, art my goddess ; to thy law
 My services are bound ; (2) wherefore should I

Stand

(1) *Let, &c.*] The reader will do well to observe, *Shake-
 spear* makes his characters in *king Lear* strictly conformable to
 the religion of their times: the not attending sufficiently to
 this, hath occasioned some *critics* greatly to err in their remarks
 on this play.

(2) *Wherefore, &c.*] The *bastard* is here complaining of the
 tyranny of custom, and produces two instances, to shew the *plague*
 and oppression of it ; the first, in the case of elder brothers ; the

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Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curtesy of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?

(3) Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality;
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,

(4) Got 'tween asleep and wake?

SCENE

second, of bastards. With regard to the first, we are to suppose him speaking of himself only as an objector, making the case his own, according to a common manner of arguing: "Wherefore, says he, should I (or any man) stand in [within] the plague [the punishment or scourge] of custom, why should I continue in its oppressive power, and permit the courtesy of nations to deprive me, to take away from, rob, and injure me, because, &c.

(3) *Who, &c.*] Mr. Warburton quotes a passage here, well worth remarking—"How much the lines following this are in character, says he, may be seen by that monstrous wish of *Vanini*, the Italian atheist, in his tract, *De admirandis naturæ reginæ deæque mortalium arcanis*, printed at Paris 1616, the very year our poet died. O utinam extra legitimum & connubialem thorum essem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem incaluisent ardentius, accumulativè affatimq; generosa semina contulissent, è quibus ego formæ blanditiam, ac elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque innubilam consequutus fuisssem. At quia conjugatorum sum soboles his orbatus sum bonis. Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believ'd that *Shakespear* alluded to this passage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as *Vanini* would say, when he wrote upon such a subject."

I have forebore giving a translation of the *Latin*, because *Shakespear*'s words are a fine paraphrase of it, and because it perhaps is not proper for all ears: but if, supposing *Vanini* had wrote first, we should have imagined, *Shakespear* alluded to him; why may we not, as it is, believe *Vanini* alluded to *Shakespear*.

(4) *Got 'tween sleep and wake.*] This reading runs thro' all the editions, and is indeed very plausible: tho' it seems to me, the passage

SCENE VIII. *Astrology ridicul'd.*

(5) This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon and stars; as if we were villains on necessity, fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars and adulterers, by an inforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! my father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Ursa major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should

passage originally stood, Got *atween* sleep and wake. The a might very easily have been so transposed, and *atween* is very common with all the old writers down to, and below our author.

(5) *This, &c.*] Astrology was in much higher credit in our author's time than in *Milton's*, who, nevertheless, hath satirised it in the severest manner possible, by making it patronised even by the devil himself: for in the 4th book of his *Paradise Regain'd*, the devil thus addresses our Saviour.

—If I read aught in heaven,
Or heav'n write aught of fate, by what the stars
Voluminous or single characters
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows and labours, oppositions, hate,
Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death:
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not,
Nor when: eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixt
Directs me in the starry rubric set.

V. 382.

Where it is to be observ'd, says Mr. *Warburton*, that the poet thought it not enough to discredit *judicial astrology*, by making it patronised by the devil, without shewing at the same time, the absurdity of it. He has therefore very judiciously made him blunder, in the expression of *portending a kingdom, which was without beginning*. This destroys all he would insinuate."

have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

SCENE XV. *A Father cursing his Child.*

Hear, nature !

Dear goddess, hear ; and if thou dost intend
To make that creature fruitful, change thy purpose ;
Pronounce upon her womb the barren curse,
That from her blasted body never spring
A babe to honour her ; but if she must bring forth,
Defeat her joy with some distorted birth,
Or monstrous form, the prodigy o'th' time ;
And so perverse of spirit, that it may live
Her torment as 'twas born, to fret her cheeks
With constant tears, and wrinkle her young brow.
Turn all her mother's pains to shame and scorn,
That she may curse her crime too late, and feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child : —

Ingratitude in a Child.

(6) Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

(6) *Ingratitude, &c.*] Ingratitude a marble-hearted fiend is more hideous and dreadful, when shewing itself in a child, than even that sea-monster, which is the emblem itself of impiety and ingratitude : by which monster he means the *Hippotamus*, or river-horse, “ which, says *Sandys*, in his travels, p. 105. signify'd murder, impudence, violence and injustice: for they say, that he killeth his fire, and ravishes his own dam.” Mr. *Upton's* alteration of, ‘Than *it's* sea-monster,’ seems unnecessary: for the poet makes *ingratitude*, a *fiend*, a *monster* itself, and one more odious than even this hieroglyphical symbol of impiety. See *Observations on Shakespear*, p. 203.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Flattering Sycophants.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty : (7) such smiling rogues [as
these,]

Like rats oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrince t'unloose ; sooth ev'ry passion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels :
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their matters ;
As knowing naught, like dogs but following.

Plain, blunt Men.

This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness ; and constrains the garb,

(7) *Such, &c.*] The words, *as these*, may be safely omitted
without injuring the sense ; they are flat and spoil the metre.
The next lines are read thus in the old editions ;

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwaine,
Which are t' intrince t'unloose.

Atwaine is doubtless the genuine word, which was commonly
used, signifying, *in two, asunder, in twain*. And Mr. Upton
observing, that *Shakespeare* sometimes strikes off a syllable or
more from the latter part of a word, would preserve *intrince* in
the text, which he explains by *intrinsecate*. 'Tis certain the
author uses *intrinsecate*, but I don't remember ever to have met
with *intrince*: See vol. I. p. 169. "This shortening of words
is indeed too much the genius of our language;" and as the
reader knows the sense of the word, and what the critics would
read, I have kept to the old editions, notwithstanding the quo-
tation made by me from Mr. *Edwards*, in the place just referred
to. I forbear quoting any similar passages here: *Horace* and
Juvenal abound with them, and *Shakespeare* himself hath ex-
cellently painted the character in *Polonius*. See particularly
Hamlet, Act 4. Sc. 7.

Quite

Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he, —
 An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth ;
 And they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves, I know, which in this plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 Than twenty (8) filly, ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely.

SCENE VII. *Description of Bedlam Beggars:*

While I may 'scape,
 I will preserve myself : and am bethought
 To take the basest and the poorest shape,
 That ever penury in contempt of man
 Brought near to beast : my face I'll grime with filth :
 Blanket my loins ; else all my hair in knots ;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and president
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms,
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-coats and mills,
 Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with pray'rs,
 Inforce their charity.

SCENE X. *The faults of Infirmary, pardonable.*

Fiery ? the fiery duke ? tell the hot duke, that —
 No, but not yet ; may be, he is not well ;
 Infirmary doth still neglect all office,
 Whereto our health is bound ; we're not ourselves,
 When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
 To suffer with the body. I'll forbear ;

(8) *Silly.*] Some read *filky* : *filly* is not always taken in a bad sense amongst the old writers,

And

And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man. —

SCENE XI. UNKINDNESS.

Thy sister's naught ; oh Regan, she hath tied
Sharp tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here.
[Points to his heart.

SCENE XII. Offences mistaken.

All's not offence that indiscretion (9) finds,
And dotage terms so.

Rising Passion.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel ;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another ;
But yet, thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,—
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine ; thou art a bile,
A plague-fore, or imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood ; but I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it ;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.

(9) *Finds*] *Finds* is an allusion to a jury's verdict : and the word *so* relates to *that* as well to *terms*. We meet with the very same expression in *Hamlet*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

Why, 'tis *found so*.

Shakespeare uses the word in this sense in other places ;

The coroner hath set on her, and *finds* it christian burial. *Ib.*
As you like it. A. 4. S. 2. *Leander* was drown'd, and the foolish
chroniclers [*perhaps* coroners] of that age *found it was*—*Hero*
of *Sestos*." *Edwards*.

The

And

The Necessaries of Life, few.

(10) O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts.

Lear on the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; (11) touch me with noble anger:

(10) *O reason, &c.*] The poets abound with sentiments similar to this: take the two following passages from *Lucretius* and *Lucan*.

O wretched man, in what a mist of life,
Inclos'd with dangers, and beset with strife,
He spends his little span, and over-feeds
His cram'd desires with more than nature needs.
For nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight.
Which minds unmixt with cares and fears obtain;
A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires,
So bounded are our natural desires,
That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfy'd.

See LUCRET. B. 2.

Behold, ye sons of luxury; behold,
Who scatter in excess your lavish gold;
For whom all earth all ocean are explor'd,
To spread the various proud voluptuous board:
Behold how little thrifty nature craves.

See *Lucan*, B. 4. *Row's trans.*

(11) *Touch me, &c.*] "If you, ye gods, have stirred my daughters' hearts against me: at least let me not bear it with any unworthy tameness; but *touch me with noble anger*; let me resent it with such resolution as becomes a man."—And let not woman's weapons, water drops, stain my man's cheeks. See *Canons of Crit.* p. 78.

O let

O let not womens weapons, water-drops.
 Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 (12) That all the world shall—I will do such things ;—
 What they are, yet I know not : but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth ; you think, I'll weep :
 No, I'll not weep. † I have full cause of weeping :
 This heart shall break into a thousand * flaws,
 Or ere I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

SCENE XIII. *Wilful Men.*

O, fir, to wilful men,
 The injuries, that they themselves procure,
 Must be their schoolmasters.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Description of Lear's Distress amidst the Storm.

Kent. Where's the king ?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements ;
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the Sea ;

(12) *That, &c.*] See vol. 1. p. 110. This seems to have
 been imitated from the one or the other of these passages fol-
 lowing :

*Haud quid sit scio,
 Sed grande quiddam est.*

Senec. Thyest. A. 2.

What it is I know not—
 But something terrible it is —

— *Nescio quid ferox
 Decevit animus intus, et nondum sibi audet fateri.* *Medea.*

I know not what my furious mind
 Hath inwardly determin'd, and still dares not
 Even to itself reveal.

*Magnum est quodcunque paravi :
 Quid sit adhuc dubito.*

Ovid. Met. 6.

'Tis something great I've inly meditated —
 What it is, yet I'm doubtful.

† *I have, &c.*] Perhaps this should be, *Tho' I've full cause.*

* See p. 22, n. 6, of this volume.

Or

O let

136 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease : tears his white
hair,

(Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury ;)

Strives in his little world of man t'out-scorn

The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the (13) cub-drawn bear would
couch,

The lion, and the belly pinched wolf

Keep their furr dry ; unbonneted he runs,

And bids what will take all.

SCENE II. *Lear's passionate Exclamations amidst
the Tempest.*

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks ; rage, blow !

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout

Till you have drencht our steeples, drown'd the cocks !

You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,

(14) Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,

Singe my white head. And thou, all shaking thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th' world ;

Crack nature's mould, all (15) germins spill at once

That

(13) *Cub drawn.*] i. e. Drawn dry by its cubs, and therefore the more ready to go out in search of prey ; he speaks of a lioness with *udders all drawn* dry, in the 25th page of the first volume.

(14) *Vaunt-couriers, &c.*] Nothing can be plainer than this passage, which it is surprizing Mr. Warburton should so much mistake, as to imagine this line the *players spurious issue*, on account of any contradiction in it ; the reader may see his note, and Mr. Edwards's comment upon it, in the *Canons of Criticism*, p. 33. In the mean time we may be contented with this clear sense — “ You fires and lightnings, fore-runners of the thunder, singe me, &c.—You thunder, strike flat the thick rotundity of the world.”

(15) *Germins*] Vulg. *Germaines*—This reading is Mr. Theobald's. The word is deriyed from *germen*, σπορά, seed,—the sense

That make ingrateful man.

Rumble thy belly-full, spit fire, spout rain;
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no Subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure;—here I stand your slave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! tis foul.

* * * * *

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies
(16) Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was a man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhip'd of Justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand:
Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,
Thou art incestuous: caitiff, shake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient seeming,
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent up guilts,
Rive

sense is, "Crack nature's mould, and spill all the seeds of matter, that are hoarded within it." In the *Winters Tale* he says;

Let nature crush the sides of th' earth together,
And mar the seeds within."—See *Macbeth*, A. 4. S. 2.

(16) *Callow*] i. e. Scare, frighten. See the foregoing passage.

Rive your concealing continents and ask,
 These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare headed ?

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ;
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.

* * * * *

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
 storm

Invades us to the skin ; so 'tis to thee ;
 But where the greater malady is fixt,
 The lesser is scarce felt. Thoud'st shun a bear,
 But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
 Thoud'st meet the bear i'th' mouth. When the mind's
 free,

The body's delicate ; the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else
 Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude !
 Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand
 For lifting food to't ?—But I'll punish home ;
 No, I will weep no more—In such a night,
 To shut me out ?—pour on, I will endure :
 In such a night as this ? O, Regan, Gonneril,
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all—
 O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
 No more of that.—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee go in thyself ; seek thine own ease ;
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in,
 In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty—
 Nay, get thee in, I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—
 Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm !
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
 From seasons such as these ?—O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this ! take physic, pomp ;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Enter Edgar disguis'd like a Madman.

Edg. Away ! the foul fiend follows me. Through
the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go
to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters ? and art
thou come to this ? * * Didst thou give them all ?
Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er mens faults, light on thy daughters !

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death ! traitor, nothing could have subdu'd
nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?
Judicious punishment ! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters (17).

SCENE VI. *On Man.*

(18) Is man no more than this ? Consider him well.
Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the
sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha ! here's three
of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself : un-
accommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare,
forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings : come
unbutton here.

ACT

(17) I have given the reader all the most beautiful passages of
this celebrated part of the tragedy, and have avoided any com-
ments on it, as its beauties are so striking, and so generally
commended : however, if he thinks proper, he may, by consult-
ing Mr. Smith's translation of *Longinus*, find some observations
there, not unworthy his regard. See the 3d note on the 10th
section.

(18) *Is man, &c.* See *Measure for Measure*, Vol. I. p. 53.
A. 17.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Justice of Providence.

That I am wretched,
 Makes thee the happier : heavens deal so still !
 Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
 (19) That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
 Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly ;
 So distribution should undo excess,
 And each man have enough.

SCENE III. *Patience and Sorrow.*

Patience and sorrow strove
 Which should express her goodliest : you have seen
 Sun-shine and rain at once : her smiles and tears
 (20) Were like a better day. Those happiest smiles,
 That

(19) *That slaves, &c.*] Mr. Warburton is for reading, *braves* here : but he still forgets how frequently *Shakespeare* makes verbs of substantives, and instead of endeavouring to explain his author's words, immediately has recourse to the easy art of altering, when there is any difficulty : by *slaves* your ordinance, the poet means, *makes a slave* of your ordinance : " makes it subservient, as Mr. Upton observes, to his superfluities and lusts."

(20) *Were like a bitter day.*] So the old editions read ; Mr. Warburton says, " without question we should read,

A wetter May —

i. e. a spring-season wetter than ordinary : I cannot come into his opinion ; nor by any means apprehend, how her smiles and tears can with any propriety be compared to a *spring-season*, *wetter than ordinary* : the poet is comparing her *patience* and *sorrow*, express'd, the one by *smiles*, the other by *tears*, to a day, wherein there is both sun-shine and rain at the same time : you have seen, says he, *sun-shine* and *rain* at once ; such was her *patience* and *sorrow* : her *smiles* and *tears* were like a day so *chequer'd*, when the rain and the sunshine contended as it were together. This I apprehend to be the sense of the passage. But then what must we do with *better* ? I own myself incapable of fixing any

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
 What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
 As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,
 Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
 If all could so become it.

SCENE IV. *Description of Lear distracted.*

(21) Alack, tis he; why, he was met even now
 As mad as the vext sea; singing aloud;
 Crown'd with rank fumiterr, and furrow weeds,
 With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, Cuckow-flowers,
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn.

SCENE VI. *Description of Dover-Cliffe:*

Come on, fir, here's the place—stand still. How
 fearful

And dizzy tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
 The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
 Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
 Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
 The fisher-men, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,

any sense to it, nor does any emendation strike me, that the reader perhaps will judge plausible enough: he'll see, I had an eye in the explaining of the passage, on *chequer'd*;

Her smiles and tears

Were like a *chequer'd* day;

which is the most probable word that occurs at present, tho' I advance it not with any degree of certainty. He speaks of a *chequer'd shadow*, in *Titus Andronicus*, Act. 2. Sc. 4.

(21) *Alack, &c.*] See *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 10. and the note.

That

That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient fight
 Topple down headlong.

Gloster's Farewell to the World.

(22) O, you mighty gods!
 This world I do renounce : and in your fights
 Shake patiently my great affliction off :
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 My snuff and loathed part of nature should
 Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him !

SCENE VII. *I fear, in his Madness, on the gross
 Flatterers of Princes.*

Ha! Goneril! ha! Regan! they flattered me like a
 dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere
 the black ones were there. To say, ay, and no, to
 every thing that I said — Ay, and no too, was no good
 divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and
 the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would
 not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I
 smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not (23) men o' their
 words;

(22) *Gloster* is afterwards convinced of his mistake, and confirmed in the duty of sufferance : he says;

I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear
 Affliction: till it do cry out itself,
 Enough, enough, and die.

At the end of the *Oedipus, Coloneus* of *Sophocles*, there is a fine reflection like this;

To Φερον εν Οεω, &c.

That which the gods bring on us, we should bear
 With resignation, nor consume with sorrow.

(23) See Act. 2. Sc. 6. foregoing. Mr. *Upton*, misled by the beginning of this speech; and apprehending the king, in his

words ; they told me, I was every thing : 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

On the Abuse of Power.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand :
Why dost thou lash that whore ? strip thine own back ;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,
For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs the
cozener.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear ;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate fins with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none ; I'll able 'em ;
Take that of me, my friend, who hath the pow'r
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou do'st not.

SCENE X. *Cordelia on the Ingratitude of her Sisters.*

O, my dear father, restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lip ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !
Had you not been their father, those white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face,
To be expos'd against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of

madness used exact connection, tells us we should not read,
men o'their words, but *women of their words* : whereas it is
plain, he runs off from the thoughts of his daughters to those
who flattered him, and all through the speech speaks of them
only : the criticism is scarce worth remarking, except it be to
show, how subject all of us are to mistakes, and how little rea-
son the very *wisest* have to triumph over the errors of others.

Of quick, crows lightning? * * *

* * * And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all.

Scene between Lear and Cordelia.

Cord. How does my royal Lord? how fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' Grave.
Ha! is this too a world of cruelty?
I know my privilege: think not that I will
Be us'd like a wretched mortal? No,
No more of that.

Cord. Speak to me, sir; who am I?

Lear. You are a soul in bliss: but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, which my own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a Spirit, I know: where did you die?

Cord. Still, still, far wide.

Phys. Madam, he's scarce awake; he'll soon grow more compos'd.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight!

I am mightily abus'd, I should even die with pity
To see another thus. I will not swear
These are my hands.

Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in blessing over me; nay
You must kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward: and to deal plainly with you,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Cord.

Cord. Nay, then farewell to patience : witness for me,
Ye mighty pow'rs, I ne'er complain'd till now !

Lear. Methinks I should know you, and know this
man,

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is : and all the skill I have
Remember not these garments ; nor do I know
Where I did sleep last night—Pray do not mock me,
For, as I am a Man, I think that Lady
To be my child *Cordelia*.

Cord. O my dear, dear father !

Lear. Be your tears wet ? yes faith ? pray do not weep,
I know I have giv'n thee cause, and am so humbled
With crosses since, that I cou'd ask
Forgiveness of thee, were it possible
That thou cou'dst grant it ; but I'm well assur'd
Thou can'st not ; therefore I do stand thy Justice :
If thou hast poison for me I will drink it,
Bless thee and die.

Cord. O pity, sir, a bleeding heart, and cease
This killing language.

Lear. Tell me, friends, Where am I ?

Gent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted, good Madam, for the violence
Of his distemper's past : we'll lead him in,
Nor trouble him, till he is better settled.
Wilt please you, Sir, walk into freer air ?

Lear. You must bear with me, I am old and foolish.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Lear to Cordelia, when taken Prisoners.

No, no, no, no ; come, let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like birds i'th' cage :

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H

When

When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies; (24) and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses, and who wins: who's in, who's out:
 And take upon's the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense.

SCENE VIII. *The Justice of the Gods.*

(25) The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
 Makes instruments to scourge us.

(24) *And, &c.]* 'Tis a catalogue
 Of all the gamesters of the court and city:
 Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
 Sports with that merchant's wife: and does relate
 Who sells her honour for a diamond,
 Who for a tissue robe: whose husband's jealous
 And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,
 Will make the match himself: harmless conceits,
 Tho' fools say they are dangerous.

The False One, Act. I. Sc. I.

The word *spies* in the text, is taken in the sense of *spies upon any one*, to inspect their conduct, not *spies employed by a person*.

(25) *The, &c.]* This retorting of punishments, and making the means by which we offended the scourge of our offence, is very common amongst the ancients, and perhaps had its rise from the *Jewish* people. *An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, &c.* *Callimachus*, in his hymn to *Pallas*, tells us, that goddess depriv'd the young hunter of his eyes, because they had offend- ed, having seen her in the *bath*. See the Hymn, 5. 75. And in *Sophocles*, at the end of *Electra*, *Orestes* cries out to *Ægistus*;

Peace, and attend me to that place where thou
 Didst murder my poor father, that even there
 I too may murder thee.

Edgar's

Edgar's *Account of his discovering himself to his Father, &c.*

List a brief tale,

And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst !
 The bloody proclamation to escape,
 That follow'd me so near (O, our lives sweetness !
 That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
 Rather than die at once) taught me to shift
 Into a madman's rags ; t'assume a semblance,
 The very dogs disdain'd ; and in this habit,
 Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
 Their precious gems new lost ; became his guide,
 Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
 Never (O, fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
 Not sure, tho' hoping of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
 Alack, too weak the conflict to support,
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
 And shall, perchance, do good ; but speak you on,
 You look, as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in,
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

Edg. —(26) This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow : but another,

To

(26) *This, &c.*] The *bastard*, whose savage nature is well displayed by it, desires to hear more: the gentle *Albany*, touch'd at the sad tale, begs him no more to melt his heart: upon which, *Edgar* observes, sensibly affected by *Edmund's* inhumanity, "One should have imagined, this would have seem'd a

To amplify too much, would make much more,
 And top extremity !
 Whilst I was big in clamour, there came a man,
 Who having seen me in my worser state,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but now finding
 Who 'twas, had so endur'd, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck; and bellow'd out,
 As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack.—Twice then the trumpets sounded.
 And there I left him traunc'd.—

SCENE XII. *Lear on the Death of Cordelia.*

Howl, howl, howl, howl,—O you are men of stone;
 Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
 That Heav'n's vault shou'd crack; she's gone for ever!
 I know when one's dead and when one lives;
 She's dead as earth! lend me a looking glass,
 If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
 Why then she lives.
 This feather stirs, she lives; if it be so

period, a sufficient end of woe, to suc' as love not sorrow, who are not pleased to hear of the distresses of others: but another [a person of another and more cruel temper] to amplify too much, [to augment and aggravate that which is already too great] would still make much more [would still increase it] and top extremity itself; that is, even go beyond that which is already at the utmost limit." Nothing can be plainer than this, which Mr. Warburton condemning as *miserable nonsense*, reads thus, and admits into his text!

This wou'd have seem'd a period; but such
 As love to amplify anothers sorrow,
 Too much, wou'd make much more and top extremity!
 'Tis remarkable, this fine speech, (and indeed many others) are omitted in the *Oxford* edition.

It

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,
That e'er I have felt.

Kent. O my good master.

Lear. Pr'ythee away——

A plague upon your murth'rous traitors all !
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever,
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little Ha !——
What is't thou sayest ? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low.

Lear dying.

And my poor fool is hang'd ! No, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all ? Thou'lt come no more.
Never, never, never, never, never. ——





MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Witches describ'd.

(1) **W**HAT are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their
attire,

That look not like th' inhabitants o'th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips;—You should be women:
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret,
That you are so.

(1) *What, &c.*] *Shakespeare's* excellence in these fictitious characters, hath been before observed: See Vol. 1. p. 84. n. 5. In such circles, indeed, none could move like him; *ghosts*, *witches*, and *fairies* seem to acknowledge him their sovereign. We must observe, that the reality of *witches* was firmly believed in our author's time, not only established by law, but by fashion also, and that it was not only unpolite but criminal, to doubt it; and as hath been remarked, "upon this general infatuation, *Shakespeare* might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he hath followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true: nor can it be doubted, that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting." See *Miscellaneous observations on Macbeth*, by Mr. S. Johnson, (note the first) printed for Ed. Cave, 1745. *Otway's* celebrated description of the *witch* in his *Orphan* is so universally known, I omit quoting it here.

SCENE

SCENE VII. Macbeth's *Temper.*

Yet do I fear thy nature ;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition ; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

Lady Macbeth, on the News of Duncan's Approach.

(2) The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to th'toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ; make thick my blood,
Stop up th'acces and passage to remorse :
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, (3) nor keep peace between

(2) *The Raven, &c.*] It is said in the speech which precedes this, that the messenger, who brought the news,

—Almost dead for breath had scarcely more,
Than would make up his message.

Him the queen most beautifully calls the *Raven*. With this clue the reader will easily enter into the sense of the passage and see the absurdity of any alteration.—By *mortal* thoughts is meant *destructive, deadly, &c.*—In which sense mortal is frequently used.

(3) *Nor keep, &c.*] Mr. *Johnson* is of opinion, that no sense at all is express'd by the present reading, and therefore he proposes *keep peace between* : the passage seems clear to me, and the sense as follows : “ grant that no womanish tenderness, no compunctious visitings of nature, no stings of conscience, may shake my fell purpose, may defeat my design, and *keep peace* between it and the effect, that is keep my purpose from being executed,” which is most aptly express'd by a *peace* between them, which the remorse of her mind and the stings of her conscience were to be the occasion of her *keeping*.

Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gaul, you murth'ring ministers!
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief—Come, thick night!
 And pall thee in the dunest smoak of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
 Nor heav'n peep thro' the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, hold, hold! —————

SCENE IX. *Macbeth's Irresolution.*

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly: if th'assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With its surcease success: that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end all——Here,
 But here upon this bank and (4) shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions; which, being taught, return
 To plague th' inventor. Even handed justice
 Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed: (5) then as his host,
 Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

(4) *Shoal.*] Others read *shelve*.

(5) *Then as, &c.*] This is quite classical: hospitality was held so sacred among the ancients, that the chief of their gods was dignified with the title of hospitable. ΖΕΥΣ ΞΕΝΟΣ, *Jupiter Hospitalis*. The writings of the ancients abound with this noble principle, and hospitality is mentioned with honour in them all: this amongst a thousand other proofs, shews *Shakespeare* to have been no stranger to the works of antiquity.

So

So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd
Upon the fightless courfers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye;
That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on th'other.

SCENE X. *True Fortitude.*

(6) I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.

A C T II. S C E N E II.

The murdering Scene. Macbeth alone.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come let me clutch thee,
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to fight? or art thou but

(6) *I dare, &c.*] The whole present scene well deserves a place here, however I shall only beg to refer the reader to it. "The arguments, says *Johnson*, by which lady *Macbeth* persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of *Shakespeare's* knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea, which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism *Macbeth* has forever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half, of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though his other productions had been lost." &c.—See his sixteenth note.

A dagger of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat oppress'd brain ?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw ———
 'Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ?
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still ;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon, * gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing—
 It is the bloody business which informs
 'Thus to mine eyes—(7) Now o'er one half the world'
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,
 (Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,

* *Gouts*, i. e. *drops*.

(7) *Now o'er, &c.*] That is, *over our hemisphere* all *action and motion seem to have ceased*. This image, which is, perhaps, the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by *Dryden* in his *Conquest of Mexico*.

All things are hush'd as nature's self lay dead,
 The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head :
 The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
 And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night-dews sweat :
 Even lust and envy sleep !

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of *Shakespeare*, may be more accurately observed.—Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of *Dryden*, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep : in that of *Shakespeare*, nothing but folly, lust, and murder is awake. He that reads *Dryden* finds himself lull'd with serenity, and dispos'd to solitude and contemplation : he that peruses *Shakespeare*, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover, the other that of a murderer.

JOHNSON.

With

(8) With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rd's his design
Moves like a ghost.—(9) Thou found and firm-set
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts;
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it—whilst I threat, he lives—

[A bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[Exit.

(8) *With, &c.*] The reading in the old books is,

With Tarquin's ravishing *fides* towards, &c.

Which Mr. *Pope* alter'd to that in the text. Mr. *Johnson* is for reading,

With *Tarquin* ravishing, slides tow'rd, &c.

Because a *ravishing stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult; and because the progression of ghosts is so different from *strides*, that it has been in all ages represented to be as *Milton* expresses it,

Smooth *sliding* without step.

It seems to me, the poet only speaks of the silence, and secrecy wherewith the ghosts were supposed to move; and, as when people walk with a stealthy pace, or as it is called on *tip-toe*, they generally take long *strides*, not stepping frequently, I should judge *strides* to be the proper reading; beside, I think the two verbs coming in that manner together not entirely elegant; *slides towards his design*, and *moves like a ghost*, seem too near a tautology. I am the more explicit in this passage, as any remark of so ingenious a person deserves all attention. We may observe, *Shakespeare*, in his poem of *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, says of *Tarquin* entering the lady's chamber.

Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks*.

(9) *Thou, &c.*] Hear not, O, earth, my steps, lest thy very stones should prate, should tell of where I am, and what I am about to perpetrate, and by their *prating*, or making a noise, take away that *silence*, the present horror, from the time, which so well suits with it." For what could be more dreadful to such a mind as *Macbeth's*, than so universal a silence, when all nature deeply hush'd, must seem to his guilty mind, as listening to his purpose, and attending to the act he was about to perform?

Enter

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold :

What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark ! peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good night—he is about it—
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there ? what ho?—

Lady. Alack ! I am afraid, they have awak'd ;
And 'tis not done ; th' attempt and not the deed,
Confounds us—hark !—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't—My husband !

Macb. I've done the deed——didst thou not hear a
noise ?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark ! who lies i'th' second chamber ?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry fight [Looks on his hands.]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say, a sorry fight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd
murder !

They wak'd each other ; and I stood and heard them ;

But

But they did say their prayers, and address them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God bless us; and Amen, the
other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us!

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought;
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, sleep no
more!

Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
(10) The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.———

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, sleep no more, to all the house;
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? why (11) worthy
Thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think

(10) *The death, &c.]* *Shakespeare* frequently speaks of sleep
as the image of death; at the end of the 4th Scene in this Act,
Macduff calls it *death's counterfeit*: *sleep that knits up the ra-*
vell'd sleeve of care—alludes to *sew'd silk ravell'd*.

(11) *Why, &c.]* Should not this be read,

Why, worthy Thane,
Do you unbend your noble strength?

The interrogation seems not only necessary, but beautiful.

So

So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done!
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.]

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [Starting.]
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
* What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes,
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

* *What, &c.*] *Shakespear* had this from his brother tragedians. So *Hercules* in *Seneca*,

Arctorum licet

Mæotis in me gelida transfundat mare

Et tota Tethys per meas currat manus,

Hærebit altum facinus.

Hercul. Fur. Ac. 5.

'Tis said of *Oedipus*, in *Sophocles*, that neither the waters of the *Danube* or *Phasis* can wash him and his house clean,

Οἱ μὲν γὰρ πᾶσι τοῖς ἐνέφασιν ἀν

Νηλαί καθαρμοῦ τῆνδε τῇ γυναι.

In allusion to their expiatory washings in the sea or rivers. Various were the ceremonies of washing among the *Jews* as well as *Gentiles*; particularly that of the hands. Hence came the proverb of doing things with *unwashed hands*; i. e. impudently without any regard to decency and religion. *Henry IV. Act. 3. Fals.* Rob me the *Exchequer* the first thing thou dost, and do it with *unwashed hands* too. *UPTON,*

Clean

Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather
Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red —

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white: I hear a knocking [*Knock.*
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then? your constancy
Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking! [*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown lest occasion calls us,
And shew us to be watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Wake, Duncan, with this knocking; 'would, thou couldst!

ACT III. SCENE III.

Macbeth's guilty Conscience, and Fears of Banquo.

Enter Macbeth to his Lady.

Lady. How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed, have died
With them they think on? things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd (12) the snake, not kill'd it.

(12) *Scotch'd.*] This reading is Mr. *Theobald's*, the old one is *scorch'd*, which Mr. *Upton* wou'd attempt to defend by telling us, "the allusion is to the story of the *Hydra*. We have scorch'd the snake, we have indeed *Hercules* like cut off one of its heads, and scorch'd it, as it were, as he did, assisted by *Iolaus*, hindering that one head, thus scorch'd, from sprouting again; but such a wound will close and cure; our *hydra-snake* has other heads still, which to me are as dangerous as *Duncan's*, particularly that of *Banquo* and *Fleance*, &c. The allusion is learned and elegant, *Crit. Observat.* p. 154. But learned and elegant as it is, I am apt to imagine Mr. *Theobald's* the true word: the sentence seems to confirm that supposition; however Mr. *Upton's* remark is worth observing.

She'll

She'll close and be herself; whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.
 But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
 That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
 (Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,)
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave:
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
 Can touch him further!

* * * * *

O full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
 Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance lives.

Lady. But in them, nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
 Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
 His cloyster'd flight, ere to black Hecat's summons
 The * shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 'Till thou applaud the deed: come, † feeling night,
 Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
 Which keeps me pale; light thickens, and the crow
 Makes wing to th' rooky wood:

* *Shard-born*, i. e. says *Warburton*, the Beetle hatch'd in clefts-
 of wood. *Upton* proposes *sharn-born*, i. e. the beetle born from
 dung. See remarks on three plays of *Ben Johnson*, p. 109.

† *Feeling*, i. e. blinding, a term in falconry.

Good

Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.

SCENE V. *Scene changes to a Room of State.*

Banquet prepared. Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox. Lords and Attendants.

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is fold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making,
'Tis given, with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

[The ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.]

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!

Now good digestion wait an appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness fit.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,—
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!)

Ross. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

[Starting.]

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord,
What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say, I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat,

The

The fit is momentary on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion :
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

[To Macb. *aside*.

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that,
Which might appal the Devil.

Lady. O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear ; [*aside*.
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which you said,
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts
(13) Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!—
Why do you make such faces ? when all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there !

Behold ! look ! lo ! how say you ? [*Pointing to the Ghost.*
Why, what care I ! if thou canst nod, speak too. ———
If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those, that we bury, back : our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The ghost vanishes*,

Lady. What ? quite unmann'd in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.—

Lady. Fie, for shame !

(13) *Impostors, &c.*] Mr. *Johnson* says of this passage, that
“ as *starts* can neither with propriety nor sense be called *Impostures to true fear*, something else was undoubtedly intended
by the author, who perhaps wrote

—— These flaws and starts

Impostures true to fear, &c.

These symptoms of terror and amazement might better become
“ *impostures true only to fear*, might become a coward at the
recital of such falsehoods as no man could credit, whose under-
standing was not weakened by his terrors ; tales told by a wo-
man over a fire on the authority of her grandam.”——Mr.
Warburton explains the passage thus, “ These flaws and starts,
as they are indications of your needless fears, are the imitators
or impostors only of those which arise from a fear well-
grounded.”

Macb.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now i'th olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gen'ral weal;
Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for th'ear : the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends to lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all!
Then I'll sit down : give me some wine, fill full —
I drink to th'general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

[The ghost rises again.]

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros or Hyrcanian tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword?

If

If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
 Unreal mock'ry, hence! Why, so,—being gone,

[*The ghost vanishes.*]

I am a man again: pray you sit still. [*The lords rise.*]

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
 meeting

With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. (14) Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder? You make me strange
 Ev'n to the disposition that (15) I owe,
 When now I think, you can behold such fights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What fights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
 worse;

Question enrages him; at once, good night.

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Len. Good night and better health,

Attend his majesty!

Lady. Good night, to all.

[*Exeunt lords.*]

(14) *Can, &c.*] Mr. Warburton's alteration of this passage is very wonderful; nothing can be plainer than the meaning of it; "Can such things be, can such dreadful fights as this of the ghost come over us, overcast us like a dreadful black summer cloud, without our shewing any amazement, without being at all moved at it."

(15) *That I owe.*] Mr. Johnson here would read *know*: "Though I had before seen many instances of your courage, yet it now appears in a degree altogether new: So that my long acquaintance with your disposition, does not hinder me from that astonishment which novelty produces."

Macb.

Mac
 Stones
 Augurs
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(17)
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SCENE

Mal.
 As just
 Bounty

(16)
 nectio
 augur,
 have no

(17)

* See

Macb. It will have blood, (they say) blood will have blood :

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
Augurs, that understood (16) relations, have
By magpies and by coughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Witches, their power.

(17) I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
down,
Though castles topple on their warders heads ;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
* Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Ev'n till destruction sicken ; answer me
To what I ask you.

SCENE IV. Malcolm's Character of himself.

Mal. But I have none ; the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, persever'ance, mercy, lowliness,

(16) *Relations*] By the word *relation*, is understood the connection of effects with causes ; to understand *relations* as an augur, is to know how those things *relate* to each other, which have no visible combination or dependence. JOHNSON.

(17) See Vol. I. p. 124, and n. 21.

* See king *Lear*, p. 136. n. 15.

Devo-

166 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them ; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uprouar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland ! Scotland !

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I'm as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern ?

No, not to live. Oh, nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred !
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his breed. Thy royal father
Was a most fainted king ; the queen that bore thee,
Oftrner upon her knees than on her feet,
* Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh ! fare thee well !
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh, my breast !
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples ; reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r : and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste ; but God above
Deal between thee and me ! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and

* Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure

* *Dy'd, &c.*] This is plainly taken from *St. Paul*, I die
daily.

* See the whole scene:

The

The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false-speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am tru'y,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command.

SCENE VI. *An oppress'd Country.*

Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead-man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom: and good mens lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macduff, on the Murder of his Wife and Children.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The gen'ral cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

Keep

I die

The

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them, with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum ! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd ; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murther'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n !

What man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words ; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too !

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence ! my wife kill'd
too !

Rosse. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. (18). He has no children.—All my pretty
ones ?

Did you say all ? what, all ? oh, hell-kite ! all ?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell-swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so :

(18) *He has, &c.*] Nothing can be more natural than this reflection: the father's thoughts are wholly ingrossed by his misfortune, and disregarding what *Malcolm* says to him, he bursts out into this pathetic exprobration of the tyrant ; *Constance* in king *John* speaks thus to *Pandolph*,

He talks to me that never had a son !

Gent.
guise,
close.

Doct.

Gent.
tinually

Doct.

Gent.

VOL.

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me : did heav'n look on,
And would not take their part ? sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls ; heav'n rest them now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief
Convert to wrath : blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heav'n !
Cut short all intermission : front to front ;
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;
Within my swords length set him, if he 'scape,
Then heav'n forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly ;
Come, go we to the king, our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may ;

The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

Gent. Lo, you ! here she comes ! this is her very
guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep ; observe her, stand
close.

Doct. How came she by that light ?

Gent. Why, it stood by her : she has light by her con-
tinually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damned spot; out, I say—one; two; why then 'tis time to do't—hell is murky. Fy, my lord, fy, a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? what, will these hands ne'er be clean?—no more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to, you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows, what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? the heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well——

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night gown,
look not so pale—I tell you yet again Banquo's buried;
he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate:
come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's
done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

SCENE III. *Despis'd Old Age.*

I have lived long enough: (18) my way of life
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany * old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

(18) *My way, &c.*] *Way* may be explained by—the
progress or *course* of my life: but I must own, Mr. Johnson's
conjecture appears very plausible: "as says he, there is no
relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the fear*, I am
inclined to believe, that the *w* is only an *m* inverted, and,
that it was originally written *my may of life*."

"I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days,
but I am without those comforts that succeed the sprightliness of
bloom, and support me in this melancholy season."

The words the *fear*, and *yellow leaf*, seem greatly to coun-
tenance this conjecture.

* *Old-age*] *Sampson* enumerating his sorrows, laments the
misery of being contemptible in his *old-age*:

—To visitants a gaze
Or pity'd object; these redundant locks,
Robustious to no purpose, clustring down,
Vain monument of strength, till length of years,
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure.

Milton's Sampson Agon.

Diseases of the Mind, incurable.

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
 And, with some sweet (19) oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
 Which weighs upon the heart ?

SCENE V. *Reflections on Life.*

(20) To-morrow, and to morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

(19) *Oblivious*, &c.] Alluding to the *Nepenthe*: a certain mixture, of which opium perhaps was one of the ingredients. *Homer* Od. 4. 221.

Νηπενθεσ τ' ἀχολοντε, κακῶν ἐπιληθὼν ἀπαΐων.

i. e. the oblivious antidote, causing the forgetfulness of all the evils of life. What is remarkable, had *Shakespeare* understood *Greek* as well as *Jonson*, he could not more closely have expressed the meaning of the old bard. *Upton*.

(20) *To*, &c.] A cry being heard, *Macbeth* enquires, Wherefore it was ? and is answered, the queen is dead : upon which he observes :

She should have died hereafter :

There would have been a time for such a word :

To-morrow, &c.

She should not have died now, any time hereafter, to-morrow or no matter when, it would have been more pleasing than the present ; this naturally raises in his mind the false notion of our thinking to-morrow will be happier than to-day : but “ to-morrow and to-morrow steals over us unenjoy'd and unregarded, and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for our end.” &c.

Mr. *Johnson* is for reading,

There would have been a time for—such a *world*!

To-morrow, &c.

His conjecture seems rather beautiful than just. See note 44.

The

The way to (21) study death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more! it is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

(21) *Study*, &c.] *i. e.* the time itself, the yesterdays that are past, teach even fools to *study* death: death is a lesson so easily learnt, that fools, themselves, inform'd by the very time, can reason and moralize upon it." See *As you like it*, p. 17. This is a fine and just sense; and this doubtless is *Shakespeare's* true word: the first folio reads *dusty death*, *i. e.* says Mr. *Theobald*, the death which reduces us to dust and ashes; and the second *study*: either give good sense, the latter appears to me greatly preferable. In the 6th Scene of the 1st Act of this play, speaking of *Cawder's* dying, he says,

— He dy'd
As one that had been *studied* in his death,
To throw, &c.





O T H E L L O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

P R E F E R M E N T.

'T I S the curse of service :
 Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
 And not (1) by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to th'first.

In dispraise of Honesty.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd ;
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
 Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
 And throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Well thrive by them : and when they have lin'd their
 coats,

Do themselves homage. These folks have some soul,
 And such a one do I profess myself. For, Sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

(1) *By old, &c.] i. e. by the old and former gradation, the old and usual method formerly practis'd. It is a very common manner of expression, when speaking of any thing formerly in use.*

Were

(2) Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
In following him, I follow but myself.
Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For daws to peck at ; I am not what I seem.

SCENE IV. *Love the sole Motive of Othello's marrying.*

For know Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the seas worth.

SCENE VIII. *Othello's Relation of his Courtship to the Senate.*

Most potent, grave, and reverent signiors,
My very noble, and approv'd good masters ;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true I have married her ;
The very head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest'd with thee (3) soft phrase of peace ;

(2) *Were I, &c.*] This bears some resemblance to that celebrated answer of *Alexander* which *Longinus* so greatly commends—See his essay on the *sublime*, sect. 9. “ When *Parmenio* cried, I would accept these proposals, if I was *Alexander* ;” *Alexander* made this noble reply, “ And so would I, if I was *Parmenio*.” His answer shew'd the greatness of his mind.—See the learned Dr. *Pearce*'s note on the passage.

(3) *Soft*] i. e. gentle, persuasive, such as is used by senators and men of *peace*. See Vol. 1. p. 187. n. 6.

For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action, in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love. What drugs, what
 charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with. * * * * *

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me ;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.

I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it :
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
(4) And * with it all my travels history,

※ ※ ※ ※ ※ ※ ※ ※ ※ ※

All these to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline ;
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,

(4) *And, &c.*] I have omitted here five or six lines, which tho' indeed capable of defence, cannot well be produced as beauties. The simplest expressions, where nature and propriety dictate, may be truly sublime; such is all this fine speech of *Ottello*.

* Portance in my—others read.

She'd

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively; I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
 She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful——
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That heav'n had made her such a man;—she thank'd me,
 And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story;
 And that would woe her. On this hint I spake;
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

A C T II. S C E N E VI.

Perfect Content.

O my soul's joy!

If after every tempest comes such calms,
 May the winds blow, till they have weaken'd death:

(5) And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas

Olym-

(5) *And, &c.*] This is plainly taken from that *Psalm*,
 which the reader will find quoted in note 7. p. 151. of vol. I.
 the latter part of this passage is very like one in the *Eunuch of*
Terence, where *Chærea* in a transport of delight, breaks out
 into the following exclamation;

Proh Jupiter!

*Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum interfici,
 Ne vita aliquâ hoc gaudium contaminet agitudine.*

A. 3. Sc. 5.

I 5

Oh

178 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven. If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

A C T III. S C E N E V.

A Lover's Exclamation.

(6) Excellent wretch! perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Othello's first Suspicion.

Think, my lord! why, by heaven, thou echo'st me
As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that. —
When Cassio left my wife. What did'st not like?

Oh Jupiter!

Now is the time that I could gladly yield to death;
Left life with some affliction should pollute
My heart's content.

G. E.

(6) *Wretch*] This word is found in all the copies; but nevertheless Mr. Theobald, and the Oxford editor read *wench*, which tho' doubtless it was "not formerly used in the low and vulgar acceptance, it is at present," (see page 188) yet I am persuaded *Shakespear* gave us *wretch*, and Mr. Upton's remark seems very just and beautiful: speaking of *Desdemona's* name, which is deriv'd from *Δυσδαίμων*, i. e. the *unfortunate*; he says, "and I make no question, but *Othello*, in his rapturous admiration, with some allusion to her name exclaims, *Excellent wretch*," &c.

The ancient tragedians are full of these allusions; some instances I have mention'd above; this rapturous exclamation and allusion too has something ominous in it; and instances of these presaging and ominous expressions our poet is full of." See Critical Observations, p. 303.

And

And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, indeed?
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together?
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:

And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false, disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

R E P U T A T I O N.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;

(7) Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, no-
thing; 'Twas

(7) *Who, &c.*] Mr. Theobald observes, "Of riches, and other temporal possessions being uncertain, and often changing their masters, we meet with several passages in the classics, which might have given our author a hint for this sentiment.

Nunc ager, &c.

HOR. Sat. 2. l. 2.

That which was once *Ofellus* farm is gone,
Now call'd *Umbrina's*, but 'tis no man's own;
None hath the property: it comes and goes,
As merry chance or stubborn fates dispose:
As gods think fit, and their firm nods decree,
Now to be us'd by others, then by me.

Creech.

This *Lucian* seems to have imitated in an epigram:

Αγρῶ Αχαρινδῆ, &c.

I once

180 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

SCENE VI. *Othello's Soliloquy after having been
work'd up to Jealousy, by Iago.*

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. (8) If I prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation,
That chamberers have; or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much—
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her. Oh, the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others uses.

SCENE VII. *J E A L O U S Y.*

Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy writ.

I once was *Achamenides* his land,
And now *Menippus* claims me for his own,
Thus pass I still from one to t'others hand;
Nor this nor that man's; I belong to none,
But change as fortune pleases to command.

(8) *If, &c.*] All the metaphor here is taken from falconry,
and most beautifully kept up.

*

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *The Tortures of Jealousy.*

Enter Othello.

Iago. Look, where he comes! not poppy, nor mandragora,

Nor all the droufy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,

(9) Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Iago. Why, how now, general, no more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone, thou hast set me on the wreck;
I swear 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my lord.

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry,

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind. Farewel content;
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! Oh farewell,
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war:
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats

(9) See Vol. I. p. 7. n. 8.

Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, besure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocu'ar proof,

[*Catching hold on him.*]

Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou had'st better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life:

Iago. My noble lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horrors head, horrors accumulate,
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing can'st thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heav'n forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?
God be wi' you: take mine office. O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay—thou should'st be honest.—

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof. Her name that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,

Poi-

L
some

Poison or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

SCENE X. *Othello's Story of the Handkerchief.*

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and cou'd almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father
Entirely to her love: but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my state would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't:—
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose't or give't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match. —————

—————There's magic in the web of it,
A Sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was dy'd in mummey which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens hearts.

SCENE XIII. *A Lover's Computation of Time.*

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight-score eight hours? and love's absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight-score times?
Oh weary reckoning!

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Othello, before he falls into a Trance.

Lie with her! lie on her! lie with her! that's false:
handkerchief—confessions—confessions—handkerchief—

chief—I tremble at it—Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing without some induction—It is not words that shake me thus—pish—noses—ears and lips—is't possible—confess—handkerchief—Oh devil—
[falls.]

SCENE V. *Othello's excessive Fondness of his Wife.*

A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish and be damn'd to night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand—Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature—She might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is—so delicate with her needle—an admirable musician—Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times: and then of so gentle condition!—

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain—but yet the pity of it, Iago—Oh, Iago, the pity of it.

SCENE VI. *Othello's Speech, after having received the Mandate when confirm'd in his Suspicions.*

Ay! you did wish that I would make her turn;
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient: as you say obedient;
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—
Concerning this, Sir—oh well painted passion!—
I am commanded home—get you away,

I'll send for you anon—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice—Hence, avant! [*Ex. Des.*
Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus—
Goats and monkies! [*Exit Othello.*

SCENE IX. *His pathetic Upbraiding of his Wife.*

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come swear it; damn thyself, lest being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee,
Therefore be double-damn'd; swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord?
With whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah, Desdemona, away, away, away—

Des. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven,
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn

To

To point his slow, un-moving finger at——
 Yet could I bear that, too, well, very well:
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
 Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or elſe dries up, to be diſcarded thence;
 Or keep it as a cifterne, for foul toads
 To knot and gender in; (10) Turn thy complexion
 there,

Patience, thou young and roſe-lip'd cherubin,
 Ay, there look grim as hell.

Def. I hope my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.

Oth. Oh, ay, as ſummer-flies are in the ſhambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. (11) O thou weed!
 Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
 That the ſenſe akes at thee;
 Would thou had'ſt ne'er been born!

Def. Alas! what ignorant ſin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
 Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?
 Committed? Oh, thou public commoner,
 I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modeſty,

(10) *Turn, &c.*] i. e. *Patience, thou young, &c. there,*
 [upon the ſight of that, a ſight ſo ſhocking and intolerable] *turn*
thy complexion—Ay, do more than that, not only *turn thy com-*
plexion but *look grim as hell*, horrible as a fiend, and unlike thy-
 ſelf, *a young and roſe-lip'd cherubin.*” This is a natural and fine
 ſenſe, and thus the words come neareſt thoſe found in the old
 editions: the *Oxford* editor reads,

There, there look grim as hell.

And Mr. Warburton,

Turn thy complexion thence,——

I here look grim as hell.

(11) *O thou, &c.*] This paſſage ſeems to need no alteration:
 “Oh thou weed—who art not only ſo lovely fair, inviting us
 to ſmell, but alſo doſt really ſmell ſo ſweet that, &c.”

Did

Did I but speak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't. What, committed? impudent
strumpet!

Des. By heaven you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none,

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh, heav'n forgive us.

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.

SCENE XI. Desdemona's Faithfulness.

Alas, Iago!

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I lost him. (12) Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or in discourse or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears or any sense

(12) See page 66 preceding.

—*Quoties tentamina nostra pudici
Reppulerint mores: quoties ego, dixerit, uni
Servor, ubicunque est; uni mea gaudia servo.*

Ovid. Met. L. 7.

Her answer was, oft as my suit I press'd,
For one alone I guard this spotless breast,
To one, where'er he is, from me disjoin'd,
The wishes of my soul are all confin'd.

Pope.

De.

Delighted them on any other form ;
 Or that I do not yet and ever did,
 And ever will, though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me. Unkindness may do much,
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love.

A C T V. S C E N E VI.

*A Bed-chamber : Desdemona is discovered asleep in
 her Bed.*

Enter Othello with a light and a sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul :
 Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars,
 It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster :

[Lays down the sword.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men :
 (13) Put out the light, and then——put out the light.
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent ; but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat,
 That can thy light re-lumine. *[Sets down the taper.*
 When I have pluck'd thy rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again ;

(13) *Put out, &c.*] The present passage hath been much criticised upon, and is so generally known and talk'd of, there remains little to be said concerning it: I shall therefore only add the manner of reading it, which I have adopted, not only as most universally received, but it also seems to be most worthy of *Shakespeare*.

It needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the tree.

[*Kissing her.*]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword. One more, one more ;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last ;
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heavenly ;
It strikes, where it doth love.

SCENE VII. *Othello's Confusion, after having murdered his Wife.*

Yes, 'tis Æmilia—by and by—she's dead:
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death ;
The noise was high. Ha, no more moving ?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in ? wer't good ?
I think she stirs again—No—what's the best ?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife ;
My wife ! my wife ! what wife ? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable ! oh heavy hour !
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration. —

His Love for her.

Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

SCENE IX. *His bitter Remorse.*

Lo ! I have a weapon :

* A better never did itself sustain

Upon

* *A better, &c.] In the Double Falshood there is exactly the same*

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Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments,
Than twentytimes your stop. But, oh vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires: Where should Othello go?
Now—how dost thou look now? Oh ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
E'en like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight;
* Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire—
Oh Desdemona, Desdemona! dead, dead! oh, oh!

SCENE X. *His last Speech.*

Soft you; a word or two before you go,
I have done the state some service and they know it;
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;

same expression, whether *Shakespear's*, or introduced by *Theo-*
bald, I cannot pronounce,

Wear I not a sword?
Ne'er on man's thigh rode better.

A. 3. S. 3.

* See *Measure for Measure*, p. 56, 57, 58.

Of

Of one, not easily jealous, but being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extream; of one, whose hand,
 Like the base (14) Judean, threw a pearl away
 Richer then all his tribe; of one, whose eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this.
 And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him, thus. [Stabs himself.

(14) *Judean.*] The elder quarto gives us *Indian*, it was easy for the *e* to have been chang'd into an *i*;—*Like the base Judean*—so pronounc'd the line will run very well; and I suppose, he alludes to the well-known story of *Herod* and *Mariamne* his wife; in some circumstances not unlike this of *Othello* and *Desdemona*, for both husbands lov'd violently, both were jealous, both were the occasion of their wives deaths; besides, the word *tribe*, seems wholly to confirm this reading, and in support of it we, may add, “that in the year 1613, the lady *Elizabeth Carew*, published a tragedy called *Mariam*, the fair queen of *Jewry*.” Mr. *Upton* prefers *like the base Egyptian*; which *Egyptian* he tells us, was *Thyamis*, mentioned in the romance of *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, written by *Heliodorus*. The reader, if he thinks proper, may see his arguments in support of this emendation in his *Observations*, p. 268.

The beauties of this play are so peculiarly *Shakespeare's* own, little can be produced from other writers to compare with them; there are many excellencies, which could not be introduced in this work, depending on circumstances, so nicely adapted, no reader can relish them extracted from the tragedy, which is itself one compleat beauty.



*The Life and Death of King
Richard II.*

ACT I. SCENE II.
REPUTATION.

(1) **T**HE purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation : that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

SCENE III. *COWARDICE.*

That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

SCENE VI. *Banishment, Consolation under it.*

(2) All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus :
There is no virtue like necessity,
And think not, that the king did banish thee ;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier fit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

(1) See *Othello*, p. 179.

(2) *All, &c.*] Similar to this is the beginning of the 5th act of *Pastor Fido*.

All places are our country, where we're well,
Which to the wise, is wheresoe'er they dwell.

S. R. Fanshawe.

Go

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Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee. Or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lye that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing-birds, musicians;
The grass, whereon thou tread'st, the presence-floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance.
For gnarling sorrow hath less pow'r to bite
The man, that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Thoughts, ineffectual to moderate Afflictions.

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh, no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

SCENE VII. *P O P U L A R I T Y.*

Ourself, and Bushy Bagot, here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune:
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.

VOL. II.

K

Off

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Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench :
 A brace of dray-men bid, God speed him well !
 And had the tribute of his supple knee :
 * With,—Thanks my countrymen, my loving friends ;
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects next degree in hope.

ACT II. SCENE I.

E N G L A N D.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demy Paradise,
 This fortress built by nature for herself,
 Against infection, and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or of a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;

* * * * *

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shores beats back the envious siege
 Of watry Neptune, is bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

SCENE V. *G R I E F.*

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
 Which shew like grief itself, but are not so :
 For sorrow's eye glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects;
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,

Shew

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Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form. —

SCENE VI. *Hope, deceitful.*

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death;
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger, in extremity.

SCENE XI. *The Prognostics of War.*

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change.
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap.

A C T III. S C E N E II.

Richard to England, on his Arrival.

As a long-parted mother * with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense;
But let thy spiders which suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinking nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flow'r,
Guard it, I pry'thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

* *With, &c.*] The sense seems evidently to require *from*.

Throw death upon thy fovereign's enemies.
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
 This earth shall have a feeling ; and these stones
 Prove armèd soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

The Sun, rising after a dark Night.

—Know'st thou not,
 That when the searching eye of heav'n is hid
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world :
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders, and in outrage bloody here :
 But when from under this terrestrial ball
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole ;
 Then murders, treasons and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

SCENE IV. *On the Vanity of Power, and Misery
 of Kings.*

No matter where ; of comfort no man speak :
 Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs,
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth !
 Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills ;
 And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own, but death ;
 And that small model of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

How

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How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd:
All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown *,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks:
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable: and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Bores through his castle walls, and farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn rev'rence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you; feel want like you;
Taste grief, want friends like you: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

ACT V. SCENE I.

Melancholy Stories.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire,
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,

* For, &c. So in *Philaster*, the king says,

Alas, what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder:
And when we come to try the pow'r we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatnings!

A. 4.

Tell

Tell them the lamentable fall of me;
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

SCENE III. *A Description of Bolingbroke's and
Richard's Entry into London.*

Them, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke
* Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course :
While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, Bolingbroke !
You wou'd have thought the very windows spoke,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage ; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,
Jesu, preserve thee, welcome Bolingbroke !
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus ; I thank you, countrymen ;
And this still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Dutch. Alas ! poor Richard, where rides he the
while ?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did scowl on Richard : no man cry'd, God save him !
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;

* The king afterwards hearing of this horse from his groom
observes,

So proud, that *Bolingbroke* was on his back !
The jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Wou'd he not stumble ? &c.

Which

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Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience
That had not God for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted;
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

SCENE IV. *VIOLETS.*

* Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

SCENE X. *King Richard's Soliloquy in Prison.*

I have been studyng how to compare,
This prison, where I live, unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts.
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humour, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented —

* * * * *
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
And shall not be the last: (like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there)
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,

* *Who, &c.*] Milton doubtless had this passage in his eye,
when in his pretty song, *On May-morning*, he wrote,

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery *May*, who from her *green lap* throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

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Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king,
Then treason makes me with myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king ;
Then am I king'd again ; and by and by,
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And strait am nothing—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. —



The

(1
latter



The Life and Death of King
RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Richard, *on his own Deformity.*

NOW are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
(1) But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking glass,
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I, (in this weak piping time of peace)

(1) *But, &c.*] See *Longinus* on the *Sublime*, sect. 38. the latter end.

Have no delight to pass away the time ;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on my own deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair-well spoken days *
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasers of these days.

SCENE II. *Richard's Love for Lady Anne.*

Those eyes of thine from mine hath drawn salt tears,
 Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops :
 These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
 Not when my father York, and Edward wept,
 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made ;
 When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him ;
 Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
 Told the sad story of my father's death,
 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
 That all the standers by had wet their cheeks,
 Like trees be-dash'd with rain : in that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear :
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
 I never sued to friend nor enemy :
 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;
 But now my beauty is propos'd my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

On his own Person, after his successful Addresses.

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
 I do mistake my person all this while :
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marv'lous, proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,

* See *Othello*, p. 175. n. 3.

And entertain a score or two of taylors,
To study fashions to adorn my body :
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.

SCENE IV. *Queen Margaret's Execrations.*

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul ;
Thy friends suspect for traitors, while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends :
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be when some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
Thou elvish-mark abortive rooting hog !
Thou that was seal'd in thy nativity
(2) The slave of nature, and the son of hell !
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb !
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
(3) Thou rag of honour, thou detested. —————

High Birth.

I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the Cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

(2) *The slave of nature*] She afterwards says,
Sin, death and hell have set their marks upon him.

Mr. Warburton observes, " that the expression in the text is strong and noble, and alludes to an ancient custom of masters branding of their slaves : by which it is insinuated, that his mis-shapen person was a mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions." It has been long since observed that

Distortum vultum sequitur distortio morum.
A face distorted generally proclaims
Distorted manners.

(3) *Rag, &c.*] Richard speaking of Richmond and his followers in the last act of this play says,

Last hence these over-weaning rags of France,
These famish'd beggars weary of their lives,

Richard's

Richard's Hypocrisy.

(4) But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
 Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil ;
 And thus I cloath my naked villainy
 With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

SCENE V. *The Tower.**Clarence's Dream.**Clarence and Brakenbury.*

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you
 tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower ;
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
 And in my company, my brother Glo'ster ;
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought, that Glo'ster stumbled ; and in falling
 Struck me, (that sought to stay him) over-board,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 Lord, lord, methought, what pain it was to drown !
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears !
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
 I thought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon !
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels ;
 Some lay in dead mens skulls ; and in those holes,

(4) See *Merchant of Venice*, p. 65. n. 5. and p. 58. preceding.

Where

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Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems ;
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought, I had ; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ?
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Blak. Awak'd you not with this sad agony ?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life.
O then began the tempest to my soul :
I past, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man, which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud—What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?
And so he vanish'd. 'I then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair,
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
Clarence is come, false fleeing, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I, trembling, wak'd ; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell :
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you ;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake: and, see, how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!

S O R R O W.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Greatness, its Cares.

(5) Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of endless cares;
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward same.

SCENE V. *The Murderers Account of Conscience.*

I'll not meddle with; it is a dangerous thing, it
makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it
accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks
him; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but
it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit,
that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of
obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold,
that by chance I found. It beggars any man that
keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a

(5) See pages 53, 54, &c. and the notes foregoing.

dangerous

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dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Dutcheſs of York on the Misfortunes of her Family.

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toſs'd,
For me to enjoy and weep their gain and loſs.
And being ſeated, and domeſtic broils
Clean overblown, themſelves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themſelves, blood againſt blood;
Self againſt ſelf; O moſt prepoſterous
And frantic outrage! and thy damned ſpleen!
Or let me die to look on death no more.

DECEIT.

Ah! that deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!

Submission to Heaven, our Duty.

(6) In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingneſs to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus oppoſite to heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

(6) *In, &c.*] This is ſpoken by the marquis of *Darſet* to the queen, when bewailing the loſs of her husband *Edward IV.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE V.

The Vanity of Trust in Man.

(7) O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailer on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

SCENE VIII. CONTEMPLATION.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

*Description of the Murder of the two young Princes
in the Tower.*

The tyrannous and bloody act is done :
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of !
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery.
Albeit they were flesh villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tendernefs and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle babes ;—
Thus, thus, (quoth Forrest,) girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms ;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,

(7) O, &c.] This possibly might have risen from the following lines in the 118th psalm.

It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put any confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put any confidence in princes, &c. See too the 20th psalm.

And

And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayer's on their pillow lay,
Which once, (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my mind :
But, oh ! the Devil—there the villain stopt :
When Dighton thus told on—we smothered
The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse :
They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

EXPEDITION.

* Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting,
Is leaden survisor to dull delay :
Delay leads impotent and snail pac'd beggary.
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's mercury, and herald for a king.

SCENE IV. Queen Margaret's Exprobation.

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen,
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below :
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dangerous shot ;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers ?
Where be thy children ? wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the queen ?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?

* *Come, &c.*] The favourite apothegm of *Alexander* was
Μηδεν αναβαλλομενος : nothing is to be delay'd ; and *Cæsar*,
his great rival, in *Lucan's Pharsalia* says,

Tolle moras, semper nocuit differre parati.

Hence dull delays, they harm the cause in hand.

Where

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Where be the thronging troops, that follow'd thee?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distress'd widow;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, (8) now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

SCENE V. *His Mother's Character of King Richard.*

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
 Thy school days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious;
 Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous;
 Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, fly and bloody.

ACT V. SCENE II.

H O P E.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallows wings;
 Kings it makes gods; and meaner creatures kings.

SCENE III. *A fine Evening.*

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
 And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,
 Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

(8) *Now fearing one.*] It is very possible to understand and give sense to this, as it is now read; but I should apprehend the author wrote,

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing all:
 and this correction not only the next line, but the whole manner of the speech, as well as the superior elegance given to the passage, seem to confirm.

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SCENE IV. *Day-break.*

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

Richmond's Prayer.

O thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory.
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still!

SCENE V. *Richard starting out of his Dream.*

Give me another horse—bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu—Soft, I did but dream,
O coward conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
The light burns blue—is it not dead mid-night?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What? do I fear myself?

SCENE VII. *C O N S C I E N C E.*

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

Richard before the Battle.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom,
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons,
Upon them (9) victory sits on our helms!

SCENE

(9) *Victory, &c.]* The image here is fine and noble: *Milton*
describing Satan, speaks thus sublimely,

—His

SCENE VIII. *Alarum. Enter King Richard.**K. Richard.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!*Cates.* Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.*K. Richard.* Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye;
I think there be six Richmond's in the field;
Five have I slain to day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse![*Exeunt.*—His stature reach'd the skies, and on his crest,
Sate horror plum'd!

And in another place, he says,

—At his right hand victory
Sat eagle-wing'd

B. 6. 762.



ROMEO



ROMEO *and* JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE II.

LOVE.

LOVE is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes,
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers tears;
 What is't else? a madness most discreet,
 A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet!

SCENE V. *On Dreams.*

O then I see queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the (1) fancy's midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies,
 Athwart mens noses as they lie asleep:
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

(1) *Fancy's, &c.*] This has been read *Fairies*, but Mr. Warburton altered it to *Fancy*: the lines following.

Which are the children of an idle brain
 Begot of nothing but vain phantasy,

evidently prove the truth of the reading. Beside, as she is the *queen* of the *fairies*, it would rather be beneath her dignity to be their midwife too. The word *shape* is used in the next line very licentiously for *form*, *size*, or *magnitude*.

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The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams ;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
 Her waggoner a small grey coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers :
 And in this state she gallops night by night,
 Thro' lovers brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers knees, that dream on curtsies straight :
 O'er lawyers fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a (2) courtier's nose,

And

(2) *O'er a courtier's nose.*] Tho' *lawyer's* is here used in almost all the modern editions, it is very observable, that in the old ones the word used is, *Courtier's*; but the modern editors, having no idea what the poet could mean by a *courtier's smelling out a suit*, notwithstanding he had introduced the *lawyers* before, gave them another place in this fine speech. Mr. Warburton has very well explained it, by observing that "in our author's time, a court-solicitation was called simply a *suit*; and a process, a *suit at law* to distinguish it from the other. The king (says an anonymous cotemporary writer of the life of Sir William Cecil) called him [Sir William Cecil] and *after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, willed his father to find [i. e. smell out] a suit for him. Whereupon he became suitor for the reversion of the Custos Brevium office in the Common-pleas. Which the king willingly granted it, being the first suit he had in his life.*" Nor can it be objected, as Mr. Warburton also observes, that there will be a repetition in this fine speech, if we read courtiers, as there is, if we read lawyers, it having been said before,

On courtiers knees that dream on curtsies straight.

Because they are shewn in two places under different views; in the first their *foppery*, in the second their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Besides, we may add, that in the first line he seems to allude

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

Tick-

to the *court ladies*, in these under consideration to the *gentlemen*. The custom being so much out of use, it is not amiss that in the modern readings of this speech, and also on the *stage*, we find the *doctors* introduced,

O'er *Doctors* fingers, who straight dream on fees.

But there seems no doubt of the genuineness of the word in the text.

Tho' the following passages have something similar in general to this celebrated speech, yet they serve only to shew the superiority of *Shakespeare's* fancy, and the vast range of his boundless imagination. If the reader will consult the 4th book and 959th line of *Lucretius*, he will find more on the subject than I have quoted: *Shakespeare* has an expression in *Othello*; concerning *dreams*, which is conformable to what *Lucretius* and *Petronius* observe, and which is an instance of his great knowledge of nature; here he pronounces, *dreams are nothing*, there, when *Othello's* passions are to be raised, 'tis remark'd that they

Denote a forgone conclusion. See *Othello*, A. 3. S. 8.

Lucretius, Book IV.

Et quoi quisque fere studio, &c.

Whatever studies please, whatever things
The mind pursues, or dwells on with delight,
The same in *dreams*, engage our chief concern:
The lawyers plead and argue what is law:
The soldiers fight, and thro' the battle rage:
The sailors work and strive against the wind:
Me an enquiry into nature's laws,
And writing down my thoughts constant employs.

ANONY.

Petronius.—

Somnia quæ mentes, &c.

When in our dreams the forms of things arise,
In mimic order plac'd before our eyes,
Nor heav'n, nor hell the airy vision sends,
But every breast its own delusion lends.
For when soft sleep the body lays at ease,
And from the heavy mass the fancy frees:
Whate'er it is in which we take delight,
And think of most by day, we dream at night:—

Thus

Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 And cakes the elf locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs;
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage:
 This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace:
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the wind; who wooes
 Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south,

Thus he who shakes proud states, and cities burns,
 Sees showers of darts, forc'd lines, disorder'd wings,
 Fields drown'd in blood, and obsequies of kings:
 The lawyer dreams of terms and double fees,
 And trembles when he long vacations sees;
 The miser hides his wealth, new treasure finds;
 In echoing woods his horn the huntsman winds:
 The sailors dream a shipwreck'd chance describes,
 The whore writes billet-doux; th' adulteress bribes:
 The opening dog the timorous hare pursues,
 And misery in sleep its pains renews.

ADDISON, *Jul*

Sc

SCENE VI. *A Beauty describ'd.*

O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

ACT II. SCENE II.

(3) *The Courtship between Romeo and Juliet, in the Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound——
But soft, what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the east and Juliet is the sun!

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she,
Be not her maid, since she is envious:
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it, cast it off——
She speak, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

(3) *The, &c.*] The elegance and natural simplicity of this scene is enough to recommend it, and must render it agreeable to every reader who hath any taste for tenderness, delicacy, and sincere affection: but when we have seen it so justly performed, and so beautifully graced by some of the best and most judicious actors that ever appeared on any stage, we shall want no comment to enter into its particular excellencies, no chart to guide us to those beauties which all must have sensibly felt, on hearing them so feelingly and pathetically express'd, in their own bosoms. The reader will find some remarks in the *Actor* on this celebrated scene.

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Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
 Having some business do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n,
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night,
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.

Oh speak again, bright angel, for thou art
 As glorious to this * sight, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
 Unto the white up-turn'd wandering eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo—wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father and refuse thy name:
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:—

* * * * *

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title; Romeo, quit thy name,
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

* *Sight, Mr. Theobald. vulg. Night.*

Rom.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescrean'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore ?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. * With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls ;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt :
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eye.
And but thou love me, let them find me here ;
My life were better ended by their hate,

* *With, &c.*]—Which when th' arch felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,
At one slight bound, high over-leap'd all bounds
Of hill, or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. See *Parad. lost*, B. iv. ver. 179.

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Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire,
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes:

I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far

As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandize.

Juliet. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night;

Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny

What I have spoke—but farewell compliment:

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay,

And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false; (4) at lovers perjuries

They say Jove laughs. Oh gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully,

Or if thou think I am too quickly won,

I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.

In truth, fair Mountague, I am too fond;

And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,

My true love's passion; therefore pardon me

(4) *At lovers, &c.*] This, as Mr. Theobald has observed, our author probably borrowed either from *Ovid* or *Tibullus*.

Jupiter ex alto perjuria ridet amantum.

At lovers perjuries *Jove* laughs. *Ovid de art. aman.*

—*Perjuria ridet amantum*

Jupiter, & ventos irrita ferre jubet. *Tibul. l. 3. c. 7.*

At lovers perjuries *Jove* laughs away,
And bids the winds the idle tales convey.

And

And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all.
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not swear——altho' I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
* Too like the lightning which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say it lightens—sweet, good night.
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfy'd?

Jul. What satisfaction can'st thou have to night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? For what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have;
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

* See *Midsummer Night's dream*, p. 82.

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My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within, dear love, adieu.

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse—Sweet Mountague, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid
All this is but dream I hear and see;
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed:

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the right;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam,*

I come anon——but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee — [*Within: Madam.*] By and by I
come——

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good night. [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom.

Romeo and Juliet.

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Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then,—
I have forgot why I bid call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in its twisted gyves,
And with a silk-thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow. [Exit.

SCENE V. *Love's Heralds.*

Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

L 4

SCENE

Rom.

SCENE VI. *Violent Delights, not lasting.*

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
Which as they meet, consume.

Lovers, Light of Foot.

O so light of foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the goffamour,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

A Lover's Impatience.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That (5) th' run-aways eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen,
Lovers can see to their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind;
It best agrees with night.

(5) *The run-aways, &c.*] That is, the sun: whom he elegantly calls the run-away, in reference to the poetical account of the sun driving his chariot of light through the heavens, and running down to the west from the eyes of mortals to the arms of his celestial mistress.

SCENE

first
with

SCENE V. Romeo, on his Banishment.

SCENE, The Monastery.

Romeo and the Friar.

Rom. (6) Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look
Than death itself. Do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banish'd, is banish'd from the world,
And world-exil'd is death; that banished,
Is death misterm'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin; O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment;
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished!
O father; had'st thou no strong poison mixt,

(6) *Ha, &c.*] The reader will find in the 141st page of the
first volume, a passage or two, that well deserve to be compar'd
with this before us.

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No sharp ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal ?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it : how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin absolver, and my friend profess,
To mangle me with that word, banishment ?

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me speak.

Rom. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished ? hang up philosophy :
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——

Fri. O then I see that mad-men have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no
eyes ?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tibalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished ;
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an un-made grave.

SCENE VII. *Juliet's Chamber, looking to the Garden.*

*Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window ; a ladder of
ropes set.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :

It

(7) It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomgranate tree;
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. (8) Look, love, what envious streaks

Do

(7) *It was, &c.*] The poets abound with numberless families and frequent mention of the nightingale: she, as well at the close of the evening when she sings, seems to have been a favourite of *Milton*: the passages in his works are well known; the following fine simile, though perhaps not so apt to our present purpose, yet as little known, I cannot help recommending.

I have heard

Two emulous philomels beat the ear of night,
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense,
Could not be judge between them: so, &c.

See *Two noble Kinsmen*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

(8) *Look, &c.*] The poets in general seem to have exerted themselves in their description of the morning: the *English* may justly claim the preference over the *Greeks* and *Romans*, and *Shakespear* I think over all: the present passage is sufficient to set in competition with all we can produce: and the reader by referring to the index will find many others equally beautiful. However, according to my promise, (see vol. 1. p. 93. n. 12.) I must remember to quote some descriptions, the better to set forth *Shakespear's* superior excellence: *Homer* has led the way, and in almost innumerable places, spoken of the morning "as a goddess or divine person flying in the air, unbaring the gates of light, and opening the day. She is drawn by him in a sashron robe, and with rosy hands (*ροδοδακτυλῶς*, which is the epithet he almost constantly bestows upon her, and perhaps may vie with any other however beautiful) sprinkling light through the earth. She arises out of the waves of the sea, leaves the bed of *Typhon* her lover, ascends the heavens, appears to gods and men, and gives notice of the sun's rising. She is placed by the father of the poets sometimes on a throne of gold; now in a chariot drawn by swift horses, and bearing along with her the day; and at other times she is ushered in by the star, which is her harbinger, and which gives the signal of the morning's approach. — On this as a ground, the poets following

Ho-

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
 Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul.

Homer, have run their divisions of fancy: this will appear by the following instances, &c." See *Lay Monastery*, p. 229.

See *Dryden's Virgil* for the ensuing ;

Aurora now had left her saffron-bed,
 And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread.
 And now the rosy morn began to rise,
 And wav'd her saffron streamer through the skies.

Now rose the ruddy morn from Tython's bed,
 And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread:
 Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
 But added colours to the world reveal'd.

The morn ensuing from the mountains height,
 Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light:
 T' etherial courfers bounding from the sea,
 From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day.

Ovid by Trap.

Lo, from the rosy east her purple doors,
 The morn unfolds adorn'd with blushing flowers,
 The lessen'd stars draw off and disappear,
 Whose bright battalions, lastly Lucifer,
 Brings up, and quits his station in the rear.

Tasso by Fairfax.

The purple morning left her crimson bed,
 And donn'd her robes of pure vermilion hue:
 Her amber locks she crown'd with roses red,
 In Eden's flow'ry gardens gather'd new.

Spenser, in his Faerie Queene.

Now when the rosy-finger'd morning fair,
 Weary of aged *Tithon's* saffron bed,
 Had spread her purple robes thro' dewy air,
 And the high hills *Titan* discovered,
 The royal virgin, &c.

At last the golden oriental gate
 Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair,
 And *Phæbus* fresh as bridegroom to his mate
 Came dancing forth shaking his dewy hair,
 And hurles his glistering beams thro' gloomy air.

Mil.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is some meteor which the sun exhales,

Milton in his *Paradise Lost*.

Now morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,

The morn,

Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light.

And now went forth the morn,

Such as in highest heaven, array'd in gold
Empyreal, from before her vanish'd night
Shot thro' with orient beams.

There is something rather too puerile (I think) in this conceit of *Milton's*.

Many more might be produced from each of these poets: I have only selected those where particular notice is taken of the *morning* as a person; there are numberless admirable descriptions of the several circumstances that attend the rising of the day, which occasion many beautiful images, proper to the season; these would be too long to insert here; I shall only add a few more lines from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess*; they likewise have many fine expressions of the morn, to set in competition with their brother poets: and which indeed of our *English* bards have not? *Taylor* the *Water-poet* boasts, that he has express'd the *rising of the sun*, the morning, (I think) a thousand different ways. The following is from the latter end of the 4th Act of the *Faithful Shepherdess*.

See the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire, the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold:
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs,
Leaps to get in nuts and fruit;
The early lark that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day,
Many a note and many a lay.

Hence *Milton* took the hint of the following lines in his inimitable *L'Allegro*:

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies
Till the dappled dawn doth rise.

To

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me then stay, let me be ta'en and die :
If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
I'll say it is the nightingale that beats
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads,
And not the lark, the messenger of morn.
Come death, and welcome ; Juliet wills it so.
How is't my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Juliet's Resolution.

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears, and savage lions roam ;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house ;
Or, cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapeless skulls,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
(Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me
tremble)
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Juliet's Soliloquy, on drinking the Potion.

Farewel—God knows when we shall meet again !
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me,
Nurse—what should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone :

Come vial—what if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I of force be married to the count?

No, no, this shall forbid it; lie thou there —

[*Pointing to a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath ministred, to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear, it is; and, yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man. —

How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there be strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packt;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festring in his shroud: where, as they say,

At some hours in the night, spirits resort—)

Alas, alas! is it not like, that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.—

Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

(Inviron'd with all these hideous fears,)

And madly play with my fore-father's joints,

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?

O look, methinks, I see my cousin's ghost

Seek-

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Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

SCENE XIII. *Joy and Mirth turn'd to their
Contraries.*

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding chear to a sad funeral feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried coarſe,
And all things change into their contraries.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Romeo's *Description of, and Discourse with, the
Apothecary.*

Well, Juliet, I will lye with thee to night;
Let's ſee for means—O miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!
(9) I do remember an apothecary,

And

(9) *I do, &c.] Garth, in his diſpenſary, hath endeavoured
to imitate this excellent deſcription of Shakespear's: the lines
themſelves will be the beſt proof of his ſucceſs:*

His ſhop the gazing vulgars eyes employs,
With foreign trinkets, and domeſtic toys,
Here mummies lay, moſt reverently ſtall,
And there the tortoiſe hung her coat of mail:
Not far from ſome huge ſhark's devouring head,
The flying fiſh, their finny pinions ſpread:
Aloft, in rows large poppy-heads were ſtrung,
And near, a ſcaly aligator hung:
In this place drugs, in muſty heaps decay'd:
In that, dry'd bladders, and drawn teeth are laid.

Loz.

And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples; meager were his looks;
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuft, and other skins
 Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes;
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
 Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
 Noting this penury; to myself, I said,
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house.
 Being holy day, the beggar's shop is shut:
 What, ho! apothecary!

Enter *Apothecary*.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man; I see, that thou art poor;
 Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
 As violently as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law

Longinus recommends a judicious choice of the most suitable circumstances, as elegantly productive of the sublime; I much question whether *Dr. Garth's* description will stand the test, thus considered, particularly in the last circumstance.

Is

Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell the poison, thou hast sold me none ———
Farewell, buy food, and get thee into flesh.

SCENE IV. *Romeo and Paris.*

Par. Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague:
Can vengeance be pursued farther than death?
Condemn'd villain! I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
—Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man.
Fly hence and leave me—think upon those gone; *

Let

* *Think upon, &c.*] Meaning *Mercutio* and *Tybalt*.
This short scene between *Romeo* and *Paris*, I have always
thought extremely affecting. Nothing can raise the character
of the former, more than his unwillingness to fight, notwith-
standing the highest provocation; and when at last he is obliged
to kill his adversary in his own defence, his tenderness on dis-
covery that he is his rival, is increased, and in the most pathetic
manner he takes the dying *Paris* by the hand.

Give

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury—Oh, be gone!
By heav'n, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.

Par. I do defy thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight. Paris falls.*]

Par. Oh, I am slain: if thou be merciful
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In faith I will: let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman! noble county Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode?—I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so?—Or did I dream it so?
Or I am mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? Oh, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in four misfortune's book.

———— Give me thy hand,
One writ with me in four misfortune's book.

Some passages in this scene, are not unlike *Aeneas's* behaviour
to *Lausus*, who, in defence of his father, provokes his fate
from the hand of that hero.

*Quo moriture ruis, majoraque viribus audes?
At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris,
Ingenuit miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit.*

Anonymus.

Romeo's

Romeo's last Speech over Juliet in the Vault.

(10) O, my love, my wife!
 Death, that has suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd: beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To funder his, that was thy enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin.—Ah dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: here, here will I remain,
 With worms that are thy chambermaids: oh here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you

(10) *O my, &c.*] I have given the reader this last speech of *Romeo*, rather to let him into the plot, and convince him of the merit of the alterations made in it, than for any singular beauty of its own; *Romeo's* surviving till *Juliet* awakens, is certainly productive of great beauties, particularly in the acting. And, indeed, this play of our author's has met with better success, than any other which has been attempted to be altered: whoever reads *Otway's Caius Marius* will soon be convinc'd of this; and it is to be wish'd, none would presume to build upon *Shakespeare's* foundation, but such as are equal masters with *Otway*.

Romeo and Juliet

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The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death !
Come, bitter conduct ! come, unsav'ry guide !
Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks, my sea-sick weary, bark :
Here's to my love, oh, true apothecary !

[Drinks the poison.]

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.]



Timon

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The



Timon of Athens.

ACT I. SCENE II.

P A I N T I N G.

THE painting is almost the natural man :
 For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
 He is but outside: pencil'd figures are
 Ev'n such as they give out.

SCENE V. *The Pleasure of doing Good.*

Oh, you gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of 'em? they would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you : we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes?

The Grace of a Cynic Philosopher.

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf,
 I pray for no man but myself.
 Grant I may never prove so fond,
 To trust man on his oath or bond :

Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen, Amen; so fall to't;
Great men sin, and I eat root.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

A faithful Steward.

So the gods blefs me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsie,
I have retir'd me to a wastful cock (1),
And set mine eyes at flow.

SCENE V. *The Ingratitude of Timon's Friends.*

They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry, you are honourable—
But yet they could have wisht—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard (2) fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

(1) *Cock*, i. e. a cockloft, a garret: and, a *wasteful cock*, signifies, a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use. *Oxford* editor.

(2) *Fractions*] i. e. These *breaks* in speech; such as are express'd above.

Tim.

Tim. You gods reward them !
 I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
 Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
 And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

A C T III. S C E N E II.

Miserable Shifts of a false Friend.

Ser. — My honoured lord — [To Lucius.

Luc. Servilius ! you are kindly met, Sir ; fare thee well,
 commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very
 exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath
 sent —

Luc. Ha ! what hath he sent ? I am so endeared to that
 Lord ; he's ever sending : How shall I thank him,
 think'st thou ? and what hath he sent now ?

Ser. H'as only sent his present occasion now, my lord ;
 requesting your lordship to supply his instant use, with fifty
 talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me, he cannot
 want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my Lord.
 If his occasion were not virtuous,
 I should not urge half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius ?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself
 against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn myself
 honourable. How unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase
 the day before for a little part, and undo a great
 deal of honour ? Servilius, now before the Gods, I am
 not able to do — (the more beast I say — I was sending

Timon of Athens.

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to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness ;
but I would not for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now.
Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and I
hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, be-
cause I have no power to be kind. And tell him this
from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say,
that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman.
Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my
own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir; I shall.

[Exit Servilius.]

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

True as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed,
And he that's once deny'd will hardly speed.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI. *Against Duelling.*

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour, which, indeed,
Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, (3) and make his wrongs
His out sides, wear them like his rayment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Timon's *Execrations on the Athenians.*

Let me look back upon thee, O, thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves ! dive in the earth,

(3) *And make, &c.*] The first part of the sentence is ex-
plained by the latter, " He's truly valiant, &c. that can make
his wrongs his outsides, *i. e.* wear them like his rayment care-
lessly.

M

And

And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incontinent ;
 Obedience fail in children ; slaves and fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads : to general filths
 Convert o'th' instant, green virginity !
 Do't in your parents eyes, Bankrupts, hold fast ;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters throats. Bound servants, steal ;
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed ;
 Thy mistress is o'th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
 And with it, beat his brains out ! Fear and piety,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries !
 And yet confusion live !—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke ! Thou cold Sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,
 Sow all th' Athenian bosoms, and their crop
 Be general leprosy : breath infect breath,
 That their society (as their friendship) may
 Be meerly poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town !

SCENE II. *A Friend forsaken.*

As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars from his buried fortunes

Slink

Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
(4) A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shun'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

SCENE III. *On Gold.*

(5) What is here?

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?

(6) No, gods, I am no idle votarist.

Roots,

(4) *A dedicated, &c.*] In *Romeo and Juliet*, at the beginning, he speaks prettily of a *bud bit* by an *envious worm*,

Ere he can spread his sweet wings to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

In the next line, the author seems to have had his eye on that trite and well-known line of *Ovid's*;

Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.

(5) *What is, &c.*] See page 27 of this volume. *Ben. Johnson*, in his *Volpone*, speaking of gold, says,

Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour and all things else! who can get thee
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise—

Mosc. And what he will, fir.

Act 1. Sc. 1.

Which lines are an exact translation of the following from *Horace*;

*Omnis enim res
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent; quas qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit fortis, justus, sapiens; etiam & rex
Et quicquid volet.*

L. 2. S. 3.

I leave the learned reader to judge, which of the two, this classical bard, or our illiterate one, with his *small Latin and Greek*, have best express'd the spirit and meaning of *Horace*.

(6) *No, &c.*] This is well explained, *Mr. Warburton* observes, by the following lines of *Perfius*—Sat. 2. v. 10.

*Et o si
Sub rastris crepet argenti seris dextro
Hercule!*

M 2

Or,

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Roots, you clear heavens ! thus much of this will make
 Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
 Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
 You gods ! why this? what this? you gods ! why, this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides :
 Pluck stout mens pillows from below their heads.
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions ; bless th' accurs'd ;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench : this is it,
 That makes the (7) waped widow wed again ;
 She, whom the spittle-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.

SCENE IV. *Timon to Alcibiades.*

Go on, here's gold, go on ;
 Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Or, O thou thund'rer's son great *Hercules*,
 That once thy bounteous deity would please,
 To guide my rake upon the chinking sound
 Of some vast treasure hidden under ground.

(7) *Waped*, i. e. sorrowful, mournful. *Ben Johnson*, in the
 5th act of the same play we mentioned but now, observes,

That gold transforms
 The most deformed, and restores them lovely
 As 'twere the strange poetical girdle.

The old fellow is here again at his books, as if, the slightest
 remark were not to proceed from his own brain, but to be
midwiv'd by him into the world from the classics. *Lucian*,
 in his *Gallus*, says, *ὄρεας ὀσων*, &c. You see what mighty
 advantages gold produces, since it *transforms* the most deformed,
 just as it were that famous poetical girdle.

Will

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
 In the sick air : let not thy sword skip one ;
 Pity not honour'd age for his white beard ;
 He is an usurer. Strike me the matron,
 It is her habit only that is honest,
 Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant sword : for those milk paps,
 That through the window-lawn bore at mens eyes,
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ ;
 Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools extort * their mercy :
 Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
 And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects,
 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
 Make large confusion ; and thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

To the Courtezans.

Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
 And mar mens spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly. (8) Hoar the Flamen,

That

*Extort—Oxford editor, vulg. *exhaust*.

(8) *Hoar*, &c.] Mr. Upton, plainly perceiving there was something wrong in this passage, proposes to read,

Hoarse the Flamen.

i. e. make hoarse : for to be *hoary* claims reverence: this, not only the poets but the scripture teaches us : *Levit. xix. 32.* Thou shalt rise up before the *hoary head*." Add to this, that *hoarse*, is here most proper, as opposed to *scolds*. The poet

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That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular (9) to foresee
Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd pate ruffians
bald,
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you.

could never mean—"Give the Flamen the hoary leprosy that *scolds*; *hoar*, in this sense is so ambiguous, that the construction hardly admits it, and the opposition plainly requires the other reading." See *Crit. Observations*, p. 198. Tho', I must confess Mr. Upton's conjecture very ingenious, and acknowledge with him, *hoar*, as it stands, can never be *Shakespeare's* word; yet neither can I think, *hoarse*, to be so: tho' perhaps it may seem unreasonable in me to condemn it, without being able to offer a better in its place. But I am apt to imagine there is a word by some means or other slipped out of the text, and wanted where I have placed the asterisk.

Nor sound his quillets shrilly. * the hoar Flamen
That scolds, &c.

What the word so lost is, or how it must be supplied, can be only conjecture, so that every reader will have a pleasing opportunity of trying his critical sagacity; the epithet is very proper for the *Flamen*, and it seems to me, if we allow *hoarse*, there is none, or very little difference between what he and the lawyer were to suffer: it seems probable, *scolds* in the next line, has been misplac'd: and, indulging conjecture, we may at least be allowed to suppose the passage originally stood thus;

Nor sound his quillets shrewdly. Scald the hoar Flamen,
That rails against the quality of the flesh
And not believes himself.

Thus, that part of the Flamen, which procures him reverence, his hoary head would suffer, and thus the punishments are varied. But this is only guess-work, and yet in such cases we have a better right to proceed in the daring work of alteration, than where an author's text is corrupt only to our feeble imaginations.

(9) *To foresee*] As men by *foreseeing*, provide for, and take care of their affairs, *Shakespeare* uses the word in that sense, "of him that to foresee, [provide for and see after] his own particular advantage, &c."

SCENE

SCENE V. Timon's *Reflections on the Earth.*

That nature being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry ! Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems and feeds all ; oh, thou ! whose self-same mettle
(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed)
Engenders the black toad, and adder-blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm ;
With all th'abhorred births below (10) crisp heav'n,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
Enfear thy fertile and conception womb ;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented—O, a root—dear thanks !
(11) Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with liq'rish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips.

(10) *Crisp*—*crispus*, *crispatus*, curled; alluding to the clouds, that appear *curled*, and to which he gives that epithet in the *Tempest*.

To ride
On the *curled* clouds.

(11) *Dry up*] Mr. Warburton reads here. Dry up thy *barrow'd veins*, and plough-torn leas : and the *Oxford* editor,

Dry up thy meadows, *vineyards*, plough-torn leas.

The *Oxford* editor has some ground for his criticism, for I find in the folio, *marrows*, *vines*, &c. and for Mr. Warburton's, there is indeed something to be said, tho' he must observe, the metaphor is not kept up by his alteration (for 'tis to keep up the metaphor he alters) except another slight emendation be made of *leas* into *limbs* !

Timon's Discourse with Apemantus.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
 This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
 Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these (12) weeds,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which hath undone thee; hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus:
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
 To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
 That thou turn rascal: hadst thou wealth again,
 Rascals should hav't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou'st cast away thyself, being like thyself,
 So long a madman, now a fool. What, think'st thou,
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? will these * mofs'd trees
 That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou pointst out? will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,
 Whose naked natures live in all the spight
 Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhoufed trunks,

(12) *Weeds*] This was woods, till alter'd by Mr. Warburton: we may observe, *Apemantus* frequently reproaches *Timon* with his change of garb.

This slave-like habit——

This fowr cold habit on,—— &c.

* *Mofs'd*, *Oxf.* edit. vulg. *moist*.

To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer meer nature ; bid them flatter thee :
 Oh ! thou shalt find ——

Tim. Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
 Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
 To such, as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command ; thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
 In general riot, melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but followed
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary,
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
 At duty more than I could frame employments ;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak ; have with one winter's brush
 Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burthen,
 Thy nature did commence in suff'rance ; time
 Hath made the hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men ?
 They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou giv'n ?
 If thou wilt curse thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject ; who in spight put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! begone ——
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

On Gold.

O, thou sweet king-killer and dear divorce
[Looking on the gold.]
 'Twixt natural son and fire ! thou bright defiler
 Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !

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Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd and delicate wooer,
 (13) Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,
 That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible God,
 That souldrest close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kifs ! that speak'st with every tongue,
 To every purpose ! Oh, thou touch of hearts !
 Think, thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire.

SCENE VII. *Timon to the Thieves.*

Why should you want ? behold, the earth hath roots,
 Within this mile break forth an hundred springs ;
 The oaks bear masts, the briers scarlet hips :
 The bounteous huswife nature on each bush
 Lay her full mefs before you. Want ? why want ?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
 As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes :
 You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
 That you are thieves profess ; that you work not
 In holier shapes : for there is boundless theft
 In limited professions. Rascals, thieves,
 Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'th' grape,
 Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
 And so scape hanging. Trust not the physician,
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob ; * takes wealth and life together :
 Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,

(13) *Whose blush, &c.*] The imagery here is exquisitely beautiful and sublime ; and that still heightened by allusion to a fable and custom of antiquity, viz. the story of *Danae* and the golden shower ; and the use of consecrating to a god or goddess, that which, from a similarity of nature, they were supposed to hold in esteem. *Warburton.*

* Takes wealth and life together ; *Oxford edit. vul.* Take wealth and live together.

Like

Like workmen ; I'll example you with thievery,
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The (14) mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From gen'ral excrements : each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves, away,
Rob one another ; there's more gold ; cut throats ;
All that you meet are thieves : to Athens go,
Break open shops, for nothing can you steal
But thieves do lose it.

ACT V. SCENE I.

—On his honest Steward.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual, sober gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man ; mistake me not, but one :
No more, I pray ; and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself : but all save thee,
I sell with curses.
(15) Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise ;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck.

(14) *Mounds*] This formerly was *moon*, and the alteration is claimed by Mr. Theobald and Mr. Warburton : the opinion they suppose our author alludes to, is, that the saltness of the sea is caused by several ranges or *mounds* of rock-salt under water, with which *resolving* liquor the sea was impregnated. The whole of this seems to be a good deal in the manner of *Anacreon's* celebrated drinking *ode*, too well known to be inserted here.

(15) *Methinks*, &c.] See *Othello*, p. 174.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Difference betwixt Promise and Performance.*

Promising is the very air of the time, it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for its act, and but in the plain and simpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable ; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

SCENE V. *Wrong and Insolence.*

Now breathless wrong
Shall fit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
And purfy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.



Titus



Titus Andronicus.

ACT I. SCENE II.

MERCY.

(1) **W**ILT thou draw near the nature of the
Gods ?

Draw near them then in being merciful ;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

SCENE III. THANKS.

Thanks, to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

SCENE IV. *An Invitation to Love.*

(2) The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun,

(1) *Wilt, &c.* See vol. I. p. 76. n. 11. This, as Mr. *Whalley* has observed, is directly the sense and words of a passage in one of *Cicero's* finest orations: *Homines ad Deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando. Orat pro legar. sub. fin.* See Enquiry into the learning of *Shakespear*, p. 64.

(2) *The birds, &c.*]

Nobilis æstivas platanus, &c.

A plain diffus'd its bow'ring verdure wide
With trembling pines, which to the Zephyrs sigh'd:
Laurels with berries crown'd, the boughs inwove,
And the soft cypress, ever whisp'ring love:
'Midst these a brook in winding murmurs stray'd,
Chiding the pebbles over which it play'd,
'Twas love's Elysium. *Petron Arb. by Addison junior.*

The

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And whilst the babling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise :
 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave ;
 We may each wreathed in the others arms,
 (Our pastime done) possess a golden slumber ;
 Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

SCENE V. *Vale, a dark and melancholy one described.*

(3) A barren and detested vale, you see, it is.
 The trees, tho' sumner, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistleto.
 Here never shines the sun: here nothing breeds

(3) *Barren, &c.]*

*Non hæc autumnus tellus viret ; aut alit herbas
 Cespitæ latus ager : non verno persona cantu
 Mollia discordi crepitu virgulta loquuntur :
 Sed chaos, & nigro squallentia pumice saxa
 Gaudent, feræ circum tumultuata cupressu.*

No autumn here, e'er cloaths herself with green,
 Nor joyful spring the languid herbage cheers ;
 Nor feather'd warblers chant their pleasing strains,
 In vernal concert to the rustling boughs :
 But chaos reigns, and ragged rocks around,
 With nought but baleful cypress are adorn'd.

Petron. Arbit. translated by Baker.

Unle

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven,
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.

SCENE VII. *A Ring, in a dark Pit.*

(4) Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit.

Young Lady playing on the Lute and singing.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus has thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
Oh, had the monster seen those lilly hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute

(4) *Upon, &c.*] We may suppose the light thrown into the pit by this ring; something of that kind *Milton* speaks of, in the first book of *Paradise lost*.

A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flam'd: yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Sery'd only to discover fights of woe, &c. P. 61.

Again,——

The seat of desolation void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames,
Casts pale and dreadful.—— P. 181.

And

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And make the filken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.

(5) Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made:
He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poets feet.

A C T III. S C E N E II.

A Lady's Tongue cut out.

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet various notes, inchanting every ear!

(5) *Or, &c.]* This puts me in mind of that most excellent
passage in *Milton's Comus*, where upon the lady's singing, *Co-*
mus observes,—

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine inchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, thro' the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Sirens three
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysiu: Scylla wept
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charibdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.—

A Per-

A Person in Despair, compar'd to one on a Rock, &c.

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

Tears compar'd to Dew on a Lilly.

(5) When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.

Reflections on killing a Fly.

Mar. (6) Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But?—how if that fly had a father and mother?

How

(5) See vol. I. p. 93. n. 13.

(6) *Alas.*] The mind of *Titus* is wholly taken up with a reflection on his misfortunes, and his miseries as a parent: His brother *Marcus* killing a fly, he reprehends him for his cruelty; for, says he,

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not *Titus'* brother.

And he further reflects upon it, and brings it to himself:
“How, says he, if this poor fly had a father and mother—
how? what—would *he* hang, &c. The reader must see the impropriety; for surely, he would add, “how would *they*, the father and the mother, for the loss, hang *their* slender gilded wings, and buz-lamenting doings in the air? so that doubtless we should read,

How wou'd they hang their slender gilded wings
And buz-lamenting doings in the air?

For the fly after being kill'd, could not hang his wings *himself*, nor buz-lamenting *doings*; which word, though perhaps not altogether so expressive, seems to me the true one; it is frequently used

How would they hang their slender, gilded wings,
 And buz-lamenting dolings in the air ?
 Poor harmless fly,
 That with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry ;
 And thou hast kill'd him.

R E V E N G E.

Lo, by thy side where rape and murder stands ;
 Now give some surance that thou art revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;
 And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globe ;
 Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murders in their guilty caves.
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy waggon-wheel
 Trot like a servile foot-man all day long ;
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
 Until his very downfal in the sea.

used for an *action*, a thing *done*: Mr. Theobald proposes,

Lamenting dolings.

Though he was conscious of the simlarity between the word
 and the epithet ; notwithstanding which the *Oxford* editor
 gives us,

Laments and doings.

Troilus



Troilus and Cressida.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Love, in a brave young Soldier.

(1) **C**ALL here my varlet: I'll un-arm again.
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within?
 Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,

Let

(1) *Call, &c.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Upton both perceived our author's allusion here to an ode of *Anacreon*, (or, as the latter says, "to a thought printed among those poems, which are ascribed to *Anacreon*.") *Ben Johnson*, as well as our author, alludes to it in the following passage:

Volpone. O I am wounded!

Mef. Where, Sir?

Volpone. Not without;

Those blows were nothing; I could bear them ever,

But angry *Cupid* bolting from her eyes,

Hath shot himself into me, like a flame;

Where now he flings about his burning heat,

As in a furnace some ambitious fire

Whose vent is stoppt. *The fight is all within me.*

Volpone Act 2. S. 3i

This is the ode:

— Εἰ θ' αὐτόν

Ἀφῆκεν εἰς βελεμνον.

Μεσθ' δὲ καρδίας μὲν

ἔδυνε καὶ μ' ἔλυσε.

Ματὴν δ' ἐχὼ βοσῆν

Τι γὰρ βαλὼμεθ' ἐξω,

ΜΑΧΗΣ ΕΞΩ Μ' ΕΧΟΥΣΗΣ;

Deinde

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Let him to field: Troilus, alas! hath none.

The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

* * * * *

O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not, in-how many fathoms deep,
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart,
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse—O that (2) her hand!

Deinde seipsum projecit in modum teli: mediisque cordis mei penetravit & me solvit. Frustra itaque habeo scutum: quid enim muniamur extra, bello intus me exercente. Mr. *Upton*, speaking of the several translations of the last line but one, adds "Now I will set *Shakespeare's* translation against them all: *Why should I war without.* Τί γὰρ βαλόμεθ' ἐξω—For this is the meaning of the phrase, *quid hostem petam, vel quid hostem ferire aggrediar extra*; cum hostis intus est? &c. See remarks on three plays of *Ben Johnson*, p. 28.

(2) *Her hand, &c.*] In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, speaking of a white hand, he says;

That pure congealed white high *Taurus'* snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand.

A. 3. S. 6.

I don't know what to make of the words *and spirit of sense*, nor do any of the critics satisfy me: the *Oxford* editor reads,

To th' spirit of sense.

Mr. *Warburton*,

And (spite of sense.)

Neither of which appear to me as from the hand of *Shakespeare*: whether by the *spirit of sense*, he means the *sense of touching*, I cannot tell; that seems the most probable, "to the seizure of her hand the *down* of the cygnet is harsh, and its *spirit of sense* [the soft and delicate *sense*, its *touch* gives us] hard as the plowman's palm."

In whose comparison, all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach : to whose soft seizure
 The cignet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of plowman. This thou tell'st me ;
 (As true thou tell'st me) when I say I love her :
 But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st, in every gash that love hath given me,
 The knife that made it.

SCENE V. *Success, not equal to our Hopes.*

The ample proposition that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness : checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of action, highest rear'd ;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

On Degree.

Take but degree away ; untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows ; each thing meets
 In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe :
 Strength would be lord of imbecillity,
 And the rude son would strike his father dead :
 Force would be right ; or rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice (3) resides)

Would

(3) *Besides*] The thought here is beautiful and sublime :
 Right and wrong are supposed as enemies, who are perpetually
 at war, between whom justice hath her place of residence, and
 sits as an umpire ; for 'tis the endless jar of right and wrong,
 that only gives occasion for the *interposition* of justice. Mr. War-
 burton hath, in this place, been too severe on poor *Theobald*, the
critic, (as he calls him) for dropping a slight remark, which,
 were it not defensible, should rather be excus'd than censur'd ;

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Would lose their names, and so would justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power ;
Power into will, will into appetite ;
And appetite (an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power)
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last, eat up itself.

Conduct in War superior to Action.

The still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies weight ;
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity ;
They call this bed-work mapp'ry, closet war :
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine ;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Adversity the Trial of Man.

— Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works ?
And think them shame, which are indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persifive constancy in man ?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love ; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin ;
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,

and introduced an alteration of his own, which an ill-natured
remarker might possibly find pleasure in retorting upon him. But
as the only business of a commentator is to do justice to his au-
thor, it seems to me highly improper to stuff one's observations
with the gall of private animosities.

Distinction with a broad and pow'ful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Achilles described by Ulysses.

The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The finew and fore-hand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the live long day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
Thy toplefs deputation he puts on;
Anp like a strutting player, (whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage)
Such to-be-pitied, and o'er-wrested seeming,
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with temrs unsquar'd;
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his prest bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause:
Cries—excellent!—'tis Agamemnon just—
Now play me Nestor—hum, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration.
That's done—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife;
Yet good Achilles still cries, excellent!
'Tis Nestor right! now play with me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm:

*

And

ill-natured
him. But
to his au-
bservations

Dis-

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And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, “O!—enough, Patroclus—
Or, “give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
“In pleasure of my spleen.” And, in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes,

SCENE VI. *Respect.*

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

ACT II. SCENE III.

DOUBT.

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wife; the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the worst:

SCENE IV. *Pleasure and Revenge.*

Pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true decision.

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *The Subtilty of Ulysses, and Stupidity of Ajax.*

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulys. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulys. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in self admission.

Aga. Why will he not upon our fair request,

Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulys. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important: he's possess'd with greatness,

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood such swol'n and hot discourse,

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts

Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,

And batters down himself; what should I say?

He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it

Cry, no recovery.

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, go you, and greet him in his tent;

'Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led

At your request a little from himself.

Ulys. O, Agamemnon, let it not be so,

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,

When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,

And never suffers matters of the world

Enter his thoughts, (save such as do revolve

And ruminate himself,) shall he be worship'd

Of that, we hold an idol more than he?

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No,

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No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
(As amply titled, as Achilles is,) by going to Achilles:
That were t'inlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him? Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder, Achilles go to him!

Nest. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him — with my armed fist,
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride;
let me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow —

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o' my mind —

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulys. He would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple, —

Nest. He's not yet through warm; force him with
praises, pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulys. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.

Here

Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulys. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorson dog! that palters thus with us——
'Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now——

Ulys. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulys. Ay, or surly borne.

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.

Ulys. Thank the heavn's, lord, thou art of sweet com-
posure;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half; and for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yields

To finewy Ajax; I'll not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's Nestor,

Instructed by the antiquary times;

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulys. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulys. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket; please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

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Fresh kings are come to Troy: to morrow, friends,
We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast:
And here's a lord, come knights from east to west,
And cull their flow'r, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council, let Achilles sleep;
Light boats sail swift, tho' greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

An expecting Lover.

No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O, gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulders pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid: * * * *
I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the wary palate tastes indeed,
Love's thrice reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy. * * * *
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountring
The eye of majesty.

SCENE

SCENE V. *Constancy in Love protested.*

Troilus. True swains in love shall in the world to come

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhimes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similies: truth tired with iteration,
As true as steel, (4) as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
(As truths authentic author to be cited,)
As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said, as false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea—let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

(4) *As plantage, &c.*] The *Oxford* editor observes, "It was heretofore the prevailing opinion, that the production and growth of plants depended much upon the influences of the moon: and the rules and directions given for sowing, planting, grafting, pruning, had reference generally to the changes, the increase, or waning of the moon."

Pride hath no other glafs
To shew itself, but pride : for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Greatness, contemptible when it declines.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer ;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours
That are without him ; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit ;
Which, when they fall, (as being slipp'ry standers)
The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,
(5) Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

Honour's continu'd Acts necessary to preserve its Lustre.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.
(A great siz'd monster of ingritudes)
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done : perseverance keeps honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,

(5) *Do.*] This is commonly read *doth*; but so, is not *English*.
Which, in the 3d line preceding, is the nominative case, and plu-
ral: the rest should all be read as in a parenthesis. I find, the
Oxford editor is the only one that reads it properly.

Where

Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue; if you give way,
 Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
 Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by,
 And leave you hindermost; and there you lie,
 Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
 And trampled on: then what they do in present,
 Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer; welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit, high-birth, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
 That all, with one consent praise new-born gawds,
 Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More land than they will give to gold o'er dusted:
 The present eye praises the present object.

SCENE VIII. *Love shook off by a Soldier.*

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold;
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Behook to air.

SCENE VII. *Thersites mimicking Ajax.*

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

M 4

Ther.

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Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be!

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a fride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain, to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head, if 'twould out; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if Hector break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himself in vain glory. He knows not me: I said good morrow Ajax: and he replies, thanks, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? he's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Therfites.

Ther. Who I?—why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus—tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd, captain general, of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove blefs great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!—

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum——

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon! —

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus: what music will be in him, when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him strait.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd,
And I myself see not the bottom of it. [Exit.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Lovers parting in the Morning.

Troil. (6) O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,

(6) *Troil.* &c.] See *Romeo and Juliet*, p. 226.

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And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cress. Night hath been too brief.

Troil. Beshrew the witch ! with venomous wight
She stays,

Tedious as hell ; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary swift than thought.

Lover's Farewel.

Injurious time, now with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be stars in heav'n,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up all in one loose adieu ;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss ;
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Troilus's Character of the Grecian Youths.

The Grecian youths are full of subtle qualities,
They're loving, well-compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;
How novelties may move, and parts with person—
Alas ! a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

SCENE VIII. *A Trumpeter.*

Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe ;
Blow, villain, till thy sphered-bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puffed Aquilon :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes pout blood ;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

Diomedes's Manner of walking.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate :
He rises on his toe : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Description of Cressida:

(7) There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip
 Nay her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
 At every joint, and motive of her body:
 Oh, these encounterers! so glib of tongue,
 They give a coasting welcome ere it comes;
 And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
 To every ticklish reader; set them down
 For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
 And daughters of the game.

The Character of Troilus.

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
 Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd, soon calm'd
 His heart and hand both open, and both free;
 For what he has he gives; what thinks, he shews:
 Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
 Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
 For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
 To tender objects: but he in heat of action
 Is more vindicative than jealous love.

SCENE IX. *Hector in Battle.*

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
 Labouring for destiny, make cruel way

(7) *There's, &c.*] Nothing can exceed this description of a wanton woman. Richard (in the beginning of *Richard the third*) speaking of *Jane Shore*, says,

We say that *Shore's* wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip, a passing pleasant tongue.

But in *Isaiab* there is a description of the wanton daughters of *Zion*, which is peculiarly beautiful. "Because the daughters of *Zion* are haughty, and walk with stretch'd forth necks, and wanton eyes, walking, and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, &c. See chap. iii, ver. 16.

Thro'

Thro' ranks of Greekish youth ; and I have seen thee
 As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
 Bravely despising forfeits and subduements,
 When thou has hung thy advanced sword in th' air,
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd :
 That I have said unto my standers by,
 Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !
 And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks hath hem'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling.

Achilles surveying Hector:

Tell me, ye heav'ns, in which part of his body
 Shall I destroy him ? whether there, or there,
 That I may give the local wound a name,
 And make distinct the very breach, where out,
 Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens !

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Honour more dear than Life.

(8) Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate ;
 Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
 Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

Pity to be discarded in War.

For love of all the gods,
 Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers ;
 And when we have our armour buckled on,
 The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords !

Rash Vows.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
 They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
 Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

(8) *Mine Honour, &c.*] See the first passage in *Julius Caesar*,
 and the note.

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